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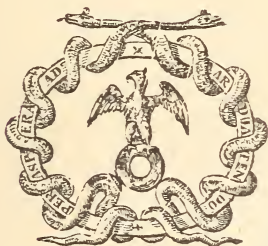
OF

ROBERT GREENE

AND

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL



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ROBERT GREENE.

1560—1592.

ROBERT GREENE was born at Norwich in 1560; or, as some of his biographers state, 1550, which is scarcely reconcilable with the probable date of his matriculation at the University. We learn upon his own authority that his parents were persons well-known and respected amongst their neighbours for 'their gravity and honest life;' and it may be presumed that they were in good circumstances, as they not only placed their son at Cambridge, where he took out his degree of A.B. at St. John's College in 1578, but afterwards sent him to travel through Spain and Italy and other parts of the continent—a costly undertaking in the sixteenth century. The grand tour, fruitful of advantages to those who knew how to profit by it, was productive only of evil to Greene; for it is certain that he brought back with him from his foreign experiences those habits of profligacy which corrupted the remainder of his life. 'At that time,' he tells us, 'whosoever was worst, I knew myself as bad as he; for being new come from Italy (where I learned all the villanies under the heavens), I was drowned in pride, whoredom was my daily exercise, and gluttony with drunkenness was my only delight.*' This is a miserable opening to the life of a man of genius; and, unfortunately, the rest of the scanty narrative is of the same character.

According to his own account of this part of his career, Greene seems to have gone back to the University on his

* *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, published after his death. See *post*, p. 23.

return from his travels, and to have remained there till he took out his degree of A.M.; after which he repaired to London, where, having exhausted his means and his friends, and being thrown upon his own resources for support, he became a writer of plays and romances, or, as he calls them, 'love pamphlets.' These particulars, although they are not very coherently related in the strange retrospect of his life from whence they are derived, fix pretty accurately the period when he appeared as an author. He took out his degree of A.M. at Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1583; and the earliest work he is known to have given to the press bears the date of that year. In 1584 he published three prose pieces—*The Myrrour of Modestie; Morando, the Tritameron of Love; and Groydonius, the Carde of Fancie*. The passage in his *Repentance*, pointing to these details, speaks of the great popularity he soon acquired by his writings, a fact of which we have abundant proofs in the number of editions through which most of them passed.

At my return into England, I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of *Malcontent*, and seemed so discontent, that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded Master of Arts, I left the University and away to London, when (after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends) I became an author of plays, and a penner of Love Pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who for that had grown so ordinary about London as Robin Greene. Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I became so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry hath in godliness; and as much felicity I took in villany as others had in honesty.

Some allowances must be made for the time and circumstances under which penitent reminiscences like these are collected, and displayed by way of self-abasement and warning to others. At a distance of years, and in a wholly different state of feeling, the mind unconsciously exaggerates the errors of youth, and assigns to small offences the propor-

tions of great crimes. Our poetical history furnishes another, and still more striking example of this accusatory spirit; and although there is no reason to suppose that Greene was moved by such morbid influences as those which disturbed the repose of Cowper, we are justified in concluding, from the imperfect evidence we possess, that he equally magnified the vices of his early life. Dissolute as he subsequently became, there was at all events a time, however brief, in which he preserved some reputable relations with society, and was admitted to the intercourse of people of character and condition. The three pieces he published in the second year of his authorship were respectively dedicated to the Countess of Derby, the Earl of Arundel, and the Earl of Oxford. The young writer who appeared under such auspices, could not yet have utterly sunk into the 'wickedness' and 'villany' with which he afterwards reproached himself.

Whether Greene ever embraced any profession is extremely doubtful. It has been supposed that he entered holy orders soon after his return from the continent, and that he was the same Robert Greene who was presented to the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex, on the 19th of June, 1584, which he held only a few months. All the facts that have come down to us respecting the poet tend to negative this conjecture. In 1584, Greene had already embarked in authorship in London, where he had previously, as he tells us, resided some time. We may assume, also, that had he been in holy orders, his detractors would have seized upon the circumstance with avidity as an aggravation of the irregularities of his conduct. Yet none of the scandalous attacks that were made upon him contain any allusion to it; nor does he speak of it himself, although his confessions touch upon most of the prominent incidents of his life. His own silence on the subject may be considered conclusive; especially in such passages as the following, which refer directly to religious topics.

Yet let me confess a truth, that even once, and yet but once,

I felt a fear and horror in my conscience, and then the terror of God's judgments did manifestly teach me that my life was bad, that by sin I deserved damnation, and that such was the greatness of my sin, that I deserved no redemption. And this inward motion I received in Saint Andrew's Church, in the city of Norwich, at a lecture or sermon then preached by a godly, learned man, whose doctrine, and the manner of whose teaching, I liked wonderful well; yea (in my conscience) such was his singleness of heart and zeal in his doctrine, that he might have converted the worst monster of the world.

That Greene contemplated the profession of medicine is indicated by decisive evidence on the title-page of one of his tracts, *Planetomachia*, published in 1585, where he styles himself 'Master of Arts and Student in Physic;' but there is no ground for supposing that he ever advanced any further. It seems, too, that at some time in the course of his career, apparently at a late period, he attempted the stage—an expedient to which most of the dramatists of that age had recourse, especially his friends Peele and Marlowe, and afterwards Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. This conjecture—for it amounts to no more—is founded on an allusion to Greene as a 'player,' in Gabriel Harvey's *Four Letters*, published after Greene's death, in which he speaks of him as 'the king of the paper stage,' and says that he 'had played his last part, and was gone to join Tarleton.' There has also been cited in support of this evidence, a MS. note on a copy of *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, which affirms that play to have been 'written by a minister, who acted the *Pinner's* part himself;' to which is added a memorandum in another hand-writing to this effect:—'Ed. Juby saith it was made by Ro. Greene.' Juby was an actor of that time, and his testimony on such a point would be unexceptionable, if it could be verified. But both note and memorandum assert so much for which there is no other witness whatever, that they should be received with caution. They not only ascribe to Greene the authorship of a play which was published anonymously seven years after his death, but inform us at the same time that he was both a minister and an actor.

These loose particulars seem to have been scribbled on the title-page by some collectors of gossip, who were not very particular about the sources of their information.

In 1588 Greene was incorporated at Oxford, a proof that he enjoyed an honourable reputation as a scholar, and that his conduct up to that time had not brought any public disgrace upon him. His marriage, which appears to have been soon succeeded by that downward course of dissipation from which he never recovered, took place at least two years before. The expiatory relation he has himself given of this event, of his heartless desertion of his wife after he had spent her fortune, and of his subsequent life in the lowest dens of London, conveys forcibly its own painful moral.

Thus although God sent his Holy Spirit to call me, and though I heard him, yet I regarded it no longer than the present time, when, suddenly forsaking it, I went forward obstinately in my ruin. Nevertheless, soon after, I married a gentleman's daughter of good account, with whom I lived for a while: but forasmuch as she would persuade me from my wilful wickedness, after I had a child by her, I cast her off, having spent up all the marriage money which I obtained by her.

Then left I her at six or seven, who went into Lincolnshire, and I to London; where in short space I fell into favour with such as were of honourable and good calling. But here note, that though I knew how to get a friend, yet I had not the gift or reason how to keep a friend; for he that was my dearest friend, I would be sure to behave myself towards him that he should ever after profess to be my utter enemy, or else vow never after to come in my company.

Thus my misdemeanours (too many to be recited) caused the most of those so much to despise me, that in the end I became friendless, except it were in a few alehouses, who commonly for my inordinate expenses would make much of me, until I were on the score, far more than ever I meant to pay by twenty nobles thick. After I had wholly betaken me to the penning of plays (which was my continual exercise), I was so far from calling upon God, that I seldom thought on God, but took such delight in swearing and blaspheming the name of God,* that none could

* He elsewhere admonishes Marlowe on having, in common with himself, denied the existence of a God. See *post*, p. 25.

think otherwise of me, than that I was the child of perdition. These vanities and other trifling pamphlets I penned of love and vain fantasies was my chiefest stay of living, and for those, my vain discourses, I was beloved of the more vainer sort of people, who, being my continual companions, came still to my lodging, and there would continue quaffing, carousing, and surfeiting with me all the day long.

It is upon the close of this passage, and the contrition which Greene expressed on other occasions concerning the frivolity and laxity of his love pamphlets, that his biographers, probably, founded the charge they bring against him, of having prostituted his genius to gratify the tastes of the fashionable profligates of the day. The accusation is in a great degree justified by Greene's own confessions and recantations, in which he speaks of the 'sundry wanton pamphlets,' and the 'axioms of amorous philosophy,' he had published, and especially where he describes his repentance as the reformation of a second Ovid; 'inferior by a thousand degrees to him in wit or learning, but, I fear, half as fond in publishing amorous fancies.' He again compares himself to Ovid in the dedication of his *Notable Discovery of Coosnage*, published in 1591, citing also the examples of Diogenes and Socrates who, renouncing the vices of their youth, became wise and virtuous in their maturity. This address is curious as a piece of autobiography, showing the villainous haunts and associations into which Greene fell in the course of his short career, and the profitable uses to which he afterwards turned the knowledge he had thus acquired, by exposing in his publications the cheats and schemers of the metropolis. The dedication is addressed 'to the young gentlemen, merchants, apprentices, farmers, and plain countrymen.'

Diogenes, gentlemen, from a counterfeit coiner of money, became a current corrector of manners, as absolute in the one as dissolute in the other: time refineth men's affects, and their humours grow different by the distinction of age. Poor Ovid, that amorously writ in his youth the Art of Love, complained in his exile among the Getes of his wanton follies. And Socrates'

age was virtuous, though his prime was licentious. So, gentlemen, my younger years had uncertain thoughts, but now my ripe days call on to repentant deeds, and I sorrow as much to see others wilful, as I delighted once to be wanton. The odd madcaps I have been mate to, not as a companion, but as a spy to have an insight into their knaveries, that, seeing their trains, I might eschew their snares; those mad fellows I learned at last to loathe, by their own graceless villanies, and what I saw in them to their confusion, I can forewarn in others to my country's commodity. None could decypher tyranny better than Aristippus, not that his nature was cruel, but that he was nurtured with Dionysius; the simple swain that cuts the lapidary's stones, can distinguish a ruby from a diamond only by his labour; though I have not practised their deceits, yet conversing by fortune, and talking upon purpose with such copes-mates, hath given me light into their conceits, and I can decypher their qualities, though I utterly dislike of their practices.

Greene took great credit to himself, evidently with much justice, for the excellent service he rendered to the commonwealth by his fearless exposure of the rogueries of London; and it appears that it was a service of some danger, for the 'coney-catchers, cooseners, and crosse biters,'* whose infamous practices he laid bare, menaced him repeatedly with threats of vengeance.

Greene drew largely upon his actual experiences in the stories, treatises, and aphorisms he gave to the world. In two of his pamphlets he apparently relates some of the adventures of his own life, but so ingeniously disguised in the details that it is not easy to separate the true from the fictitious. It is obvious enough, however, that the special incidents of these pieces are mere inventions, and that the autobiographical element consists in the general resemblance they bear to his own fortune, and the moral to be deduced from them.

In the first of these pamphlets, called *Never Too Late*, the hero, Francesco, carries off Isabel, a gentleman's daughter, for which he is seized and put into prison. He is afterwards set

* Slang names for the various cheats and sharpers of London. The term 'cross-biter' is said by S. Rowlands to have been invented by one Laurence Crosbiter, or Long Laurence.

at liberty, and the lovers are re-united, and live very happily together, labouring for their livelihood, he as a scholar, and she by her needle. At the end of five years her father forgives them, and takes them home; and in two years more Francesco's affairs oblige him to repair to the capital of the island in which these events are supposed to occur. Separated for the first time from his wife, he falls a prey to the fascinations of a courtesan, who discards him after she has wasted the whole of his substance. During the progress of this fatal liaison, his wife had in vain entreated him to return; and now he is so covered with shame that he dare not venture into her presence. In the extremity of his distress, he falls in with a company of players, who persuade him to try his wit in writing for the stage. He follows their advice, and obtains extraordinary success. His purse being thus once more well lined, the courtesan throws out her lures again; but Francesco is proof against them. In the meanwhile his wife has fallen into distress, and a wealthy burgomaster, attracted by her beauty, tempts her fidelity with rich offers. She contemptuously rejects his proposals, and, out of revenge, he charges her before the judges with incontinence, and suborns a youth to testify against her. On this evidence she is pronounced guilty and condemned to banishment; but before the sentence is executed, the youth confesses his perjury, Isabel is declared innocent, and the burgomaster is heavily fined and degraded from his office. The news of this strange occurrence rapidly spreads, and reaches Francesco one day at an ordinary, where it is related by a gentleman, who highly extols the virtue of Isabel, and describes her husband as an unthrift who had not visited her for six years. Francesco is struck with remorse, and hastens into the country to pour out his repentance at the feet of his injured wife, who readily forgives him all past offences.

Francesco's falling in with the players, his success as a writer, his abandonment of Isabel for six years (the precise period mentioned by Greene himself in his last apostrophe to

his wife),* and his final remorse, are all autobiographical. The second piece, *A Groat's Worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, is pretty nearly a reproduction of the same circumstances, so far as they relate to the actual career of the writer, but with a closer adherence to the reality; for in this narrative Greene avowedly designed to depict some of his personal experiences, and point the moral of his own life.

The story is that of an old usurer who has two sons, Lucanio and Roberto. The latter, married to a 'proper gentlewoman,' is a scholar, and much averse to his father's mode of accumulating a fortune. The consequence is, that when the usurer dies, he leaves the whole of his immense wealth to Lucanio, and cuts off Roberto with a groat. In this extremity, Roberto resolves to have his revenge upon Lucanio, who is simple, and easily imposed upon. In order to effect his purpose he enters into a league with Lamilia, a courtesan, who is to ensnare Lucanio, and to divide her gains with her confederate; but she has no sooner succeeded in captivating her victim, than she reveals the plot, and Roberto is cast out to destitution. This incident brings us to that part of the narrative where Greene's own history is shadowed forth. The turn of events is here identical with the passage in *Never Too Late*, where Francesco is discarded by the courtesan, and the subsequent train of circumstances is similar in both. Roberto, in great distress of mind, bewails aloud his forlorn estate, and is overheard by a player, who, discovering that he is a ripe scholar, advises him to repair his fortune by writing plays. He follows this counsel, and wealth flows in upon him. Two years elapse, during which time Lamilia has brought Lucanio to beggary, and Roberto has undergone the usual vicissitudes of a literary life, 'his purse, like the sea, sometimes swelled,

* 'But oh, my dear wife, whose company and sight I have refrained these six years; I ask God and thee forgiveness for so greatly wronging thee, of whom I seldom or never thought until now: pardon me, I pray thee, wheresoever thou art, and God forgive me all my offences.'
—*Repentance of Robert Greene.*

anon, like the same sea, fell to a low ebb; yet seldom he wanted, his labours were so well esteemed.' The whole of the following description may be considered as an actual picture of the latter portion of Greene's life:

Marry this rule he kept, whatever he fingered aforehand, was the certain means to unbind a bargain, and being asked why he so sleightly dealt with them that did him good? it becomes me, sayeth he, to be contrary to the world, for commonly when vulgar men receive earnest, they do perform; when I am paid anything beforehand, I break my promise. He had shift of lodgings, where in every place his hostess writ up the woful remembrance of him, his laundress and his boy, for they were ever his inhoushold, besides retainers in sundry other places. His company were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilfery, perjury, forgery, or any villany. Of these he knew the cast to cog at cards, cozen at dice; by these he learned the legerdemains of nips, foysts, coneycatchers, crosbyters, lifts, high lawyers, and all the rabble of that unclean generation of vipers; and pithily could he point out their whole courses of craft: so cunning he was in all crafts, as nothing rested in him almost but craftiness. How often the gentlewoman, his wife, laboured vainly to recall him is lamentable to note; but as one given over to all lewdness, he communicated her sorrowful lines among his loose skulls, that jested at her bootless laments.

The Roberto of this narrative is manifestly Robert Greene. Towards the conclusion he is represented as having abandoned himself to 'immeasurable drinking,' which 'had made him the perfect image of the dropsy.' Living in extreme poverty, and 'having nothing to pay but chalk,' he is at last reduced to a single groat, over which he moralises in this fashion:—'O now it is too late, too late to buy wit with thee! and therefore will I see if I can sell to careless youth what I negligently forgot to buy.' Having delivered this soliloquy in the character of Roberto, Greene throws off the thin disguise of fiction, and, taking up the relation himself, addresses the reader in his own person:

Here, gentlemen, break I off Roberto's speech, whose life, in most part agreeing with mine, found one self punishment as I have done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will

go on with what he promised; Greene will send you now his groat's worth of wit, that never showed a mite's worth in his life; and though no man now be by to do me good, yet ere I die I will by my repentance endeavour to do all men good.

The courtesan who figures in both these stories is not altogether an imaginary character. Greene formed an unhappy connexion of that kind with the sister of a ruffian named Cutting Ball, with whom he had, probably, become acquainted in the 'boozing kens' he frequented. Ball appears to have made himself useful to Greene by collecting his myrmidons whenever it was necessary to protect him against arrest. Of this man's crimes there is no record; but the character of them may be inferred from the fact that he was ultimately hanged at Tyburn. It is to this circumstance Green alludes in the following passage, speaking of Roberto's companions:—

The shameful end of sundry his consorts, deservedly punished for their amiss, wrought no compunction in his heart; of which one, brother to a brothel he kept, was trust under a tree, as round as a ball.*

The sister of this malefactor bore a son to Greene; and it is something to her credit that she did not desert the poet in the last wretched hours of his life, when he was forsaken by his gay companions, the troops of revellers who used to carouse and surfeit all day long at his lodgings.

* It was a common habit of the writers of the day to pun upon names, even in forms of composition where such fantastical devices might be considered wholly inadmissible. Thus Peele, in his pageant before Web, the Lord Mayor of London, makes the following pun on his lordship's name:—

'A worthy governor, for London's good
To underbear, under his sovereign sway,
Unpartial justice' beam, and weaved a Web
For your content,' &c.

And again in the *Polyhymnia*, where he is describing the appearance of young Essex:—

'That from his armour borrowed such a light,
As boughs of yew receive from shady stream.'

The boughs of *yew*—a pun on the old title of the Earls of Essex and Ewe.

Peele, Nash, and Marlowe, to whom he addressed a parting expostulation, were Greene's most intimate literary associates. Their names were so constantly found in companionship during their lives, that Dekker brings their shades together in the Elysian fields, where, after describing old Chaucer, grave Spenser, and other famous poets seated in the arbours and bowers of the Grove of Bays, he thus introduces the four inseparable poets collected, appropriately enough, under the shadow of a great vine tree:—

In another company sat learned Watson, industrious Kyd, ingenious Atchlow, and (though he had been a player, moulded out of their pens) yet because he had been their lover, and a register to the Muses, inimitable Bentley: these were likewise carousing to one another at the holy well, some of them singing Pæans to Apollo, some of them hymns to the rest of the gods, whilst Marlowe, Greene, and Peele had got under the shades of a large vine, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their college) still haunted with the sharp and satirical spirit that followed him here upon earth; for Nash inveighed bitterly (as he had wont to do) against dry-fisted patrons, accusing them of his untimely death, because if they had given his muse that cherishment which she most worthily deserved, he had fed to his dying day on fat capons, burnt sack and sugar, and not so desperately have ventured his life, and shortened his days by keeping company with pickle herrings.*

Dekker here alludes to an entertainment, consisting of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, at which Nash and Greene were present, some time in August, 1592. Upon that occasion, Greene is said to have eaten and drunk to such excess that the surfeit was followed by an illness which, in less than a month, terminated in his death. He appears to have been reduced at this time to the lowest possible condition of distress and degradation; lodging at the house of a struggling shoemaker in Dowgate, and

* *A Knight's Conjuring Done in Earnest: Discovered in Jest.* By Thomas Dekker. 1607.

indebted to his landlord, who could ill afford such bounty, for the bare necessities of life. Fortunately the poor people with whom he lodged were persons of a compassionate nature; and his hostess, more than ordinarily touched by the sufferings of a man whose literary reputation presented so strange a contrast to his actual circumstances, was unremitting in her attendance upon him. Gabriel Harvey, in giving an account of his last hours which he professes to have received from the hostess herself, says that she was his only nurse; that none of his old acquaintances came to comfort, or even to visit him, except Mrs. Appleby, and the mother of the boy, whom Harvey calls Infortunatus Greene; that even Nash, although he had been the chief guest at the 'fatal banquet of pickle-herring,' never came to perform the duty of a friend; and that Greene was at last driven to such extremities by sheer poverty that he was obliged to wear his host's shirt while his own was washing, and to sell his doublet, hose, and sword for three shillings. Some of these statements were afterwards contradicted by Nash, who insinuates rather than asserts that Greene was not reduced to such an extremity before his death, and that instead of his apparel being of the value of only three shillings, the doublet he wore at the 'fatal banquet' was so good that a broker would give thirty shillings for it alone, and that Greene had also a 'very fair cloak with sleeves,' of a grave goose green, worth at least ten shillings. There is so much scurrility in the pamphlets of Nash and Harvey that it is difficult to determine the amount of credit due to either; but Harvey's details are probably accurate, as we find the main facts of Greene's penury and friendlessness attested by himself in the affecting letter he addressed to his wife in his last moments. Nash's principal object in replying to Harvey's pamphlet (published immediately after Greene's death)* was not so

* Harvey's pamphlet is entitled *Four Letters and Certain Sonnets. Especially touching Robert Greene and other poets, by him abused. But incidentally of divers excellent persons, and some matters of note. To all*

much to vindicate the memory of his friend, as to relieve himself from the odium of having been one of Greene's intimate companions, although their intercourse was notorious. 'A thousand there be,' he declares, 'that have more reason to speak in his behalf than I, who since I first knew him about town have been two years together, and not seen him.' This mean and false disavowal of the associate whom he left to perish in want, throws discredit upon all other parts of Nash's testimony.

The clearest, and, upon the whole, the most reliable narrative of Greene's death is that which is subjoined to his *Repentance*, the tract written by him during his last illness. It seems to have been compiled by the person to whom the publication of the *Repentance* was intrusted, and forms a very proper sequel to that work.

THE MANNER OF THE DEATH AND LAST END OF ROBERT GREENE, MASTER OF ARTS.

After that he had penned the former discourse, then lying sore sick of a surfeit which he had taken with drinking, he continued most patient and penitent; yea, he did with tears forsake the world, renounced swearing, and desired forgiveness of God and the world for all his offences; so that during all the time of his sickness, which was about a month's space, he was never heard to swear, rave, or blaspheme the name of God as he was accustomed to do before that time, which greatly comforted his well-willers, to see how mightily he grace of God did work in him.

He confessed himself that he was never heart sick, but said that all his pain was in his belly. And although he continually scoured, yet still his belly swelled, and never left swelling upward, until it swelled him at the heart, and in his face.*

During the whole time of his sickness, he continually called upon God, and recited these sentences following:—

O Lord forgive me my manifold offences.

O Lord have mercy upon me.

courteous mindes that will vouchsafe the reading. 1592.—Nash's pamphlet, *Strange Newes*, in which he replies to Harvey's assertions, appeared soon after.

* This exactly accords with the description which he has himself given of Roberto in the *Groat's Worth of Wit*. See *ante*, p. 16.

O Lord forgive me my secret sins, and in mercy (Lord) pardon them all.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is above thy works.
And with such like godly sentences he passed the time, even till he gave up the ghost.

And this is to be noted, that his sickness did not so greatly weaken him, but that he walked to his chair and back again the night before he departed, and then, being feeble, laying him down on his bed, about nine of the clock at night, a friend of his told him that his wife had sent him commendations, and that she was in good health; whereat he greatly rejoiced, confessed that he had mightily wronged her, and wished that he might see her before he departed. Whereupon, feeling that his time was but short, he took pen and ink, and wrote her a letter to this effect :*

Sweet wife, as ever there was any good will or friendship between thee and me, see this bearer, my host, satisfied of his debt. I owe him ten pounds, and but for him I had perished in the streets. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercy on my soul. Farewell till we meet in heaven, for on earth thou shalt never see me more. This 2 of September, 1592,

Written by thy dying husband,

ROBERT GREENE.†

* Harvey gives another version of this letter, in substance identical with a portion of the above, but omitting (perhaps designedly, for Harvey's malignity was quite capable of doing so great a wrong to the memory of the unfortunate poet) those passages in which Greene expresses contrition, and asks for his wife's forgiveness—the one redeeming grace of his miserable life. Harvey says that Greene was deeply indebted to his host, and that he gave him a bond for ten pounds, underneath which he wrote the following letter: 'Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth, and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets.—ROBERT GREENE.' This is not so likely, upon the face of it, to be the true version as that given in the text. It is incredible that, after having abandoned his wife, under circumstances of utter heartlessness, upwards of six years before, he would have written to her on his deathbed to ask her to pay a debt for him without some words of penitence or remorse.

† There is another still more touching letter extant from Greene to his wife, written during his last illness, and published after his death in the *Goats Worth of Wit*. As most of the incidents of his life, recorded by himself or his contemporaries, reflect discredit on his character, it is only just to present such evidence as has been preserved of

He died on the following day, 3rd of September, 1592, and was buried on the 4th in the New Churchyard, near Bedlam. Harvey tells us that his 'sweet hostess' crowned his dead body with a garland of bays, 'to show that a tenth muse honoured him more being dead than all the nine honoured him alive. I know not whether Skelton, Elverton, or some like flourishing poet were so interred; it were his own request, and his nurse's devotion.'

Shortly after his death appeared that singular confession of his vices and follies which he prepared for the press during his last illness, and to which we are indebted for the chief

the better qualities of his nature. The following is the letter printed in the *Groat's Worth of Wit*. It is headed—

'A LETTER WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE, FOUND WITH THIS BOOK AFTER HIS DEATH.

'The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee, and thy unproved virtues, add greater sorrow to my miserable state than I can utter, or thou conceive. Neither is it lessened by consideration of thy absence (though shame would let me hardly behold thy face), but exceedingly aggravated, for that I cannot (as I ought) to thy own self reconcile myself, that thou mightest witness my inward woe at this instant, that have made thee a woeful wife for so long a time. But equal heaven hath denied that comfort, giving at my last need, like succour as I sought all my life: being in this extremity as void of help, as thou hast been of hope. Reason would, that after so long waste, I should not send thee a child to bring thee greater charge: but consider he is the fruit of thy womb, in whose face regard not the father so much, as thy own perfections. He is yet Greene, and may grow straight, if he be carefully tended: otherwise apt enough (I fear me) to follow his father's folly. That I have offended thee highly, I know; that thou canst forget my injuries, I hardly believe; yet persuade I myself, if thou saw my wretched estate, thou wouldest not but lament it; nay, certainly I know thou wouldest. All my wrongs muster themselves about me; every evil at once plagues me. For my contempt of God, I am contemned of men; for my swearing and forswearing, no man will believe me; for my gluttony I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adultery ulcerous sores. Thus God hath cast me down, that I might be humbled; and punished me for example of others' sins; and although he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet trust I in the world to come to find mercy, by the merits of my Saviour, to whom I commend thee, and commit my soul.

Thy repentant husband,

For his disloyalty,

ROBERT GREENE.'

particulars of his biography.* If we were to judge by the ordinary standard of human actions, we might reasonably doubt the genuineness of this publication. But Greene was as likely to repent openly as to offend publicly. He was a man of a rash and ardent temperament, and had none of that conventional shame which would have induced him either to conceal his misconduct, or to withhold the expression of his remorse. Even if we had not concurrent testimony from others of the errors of his life, and his contrition at the last, his own acknowledged works fully corroborate most of the particulars revealed in his *Repentance*, and one of them, as we shall presently see, contains a very remarkable confirmation of his desire to make known to the world the change which had latterly taken place in his feelings and opinions.

Gabriel Harvey's account of Greene's former way of living may be accepted without much hesitation, as it is upon the main sustained by Greene's own statements. It is also of some value as a picture of the town-life of the roysterers and rufflers of the sixteenth century.

I was altogether unacquainted with the man, and never once saluted him by name; but who, in London, hath not heard of his dissolute and licentious living; his loud disguising of a Master of Art with ruffianly hair, unseemly apparel, and more unseemly company, his vain-glorious and thrasonical braving; his piperly extemporizing and Tarletonizing;† his apish counterfeiting of every ridiculous and absurd toy; his fine cozening of jugglers and finer juggling with cozeners; his villainous cogging and foisting; his monstrous swearing, and horrible forswearing; his

* *The Repentance of Robert Greene, Master of Arts. Wherein by himself is laid open his loose life, with the manner of his death.* At London, printed for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at the middle shop in the Poultry, under Saint Mildred's Church. 1592.—The authenticity of this pamphlet is in some degree supported by the fact that in the same year the same stationer, Cuthbert Burbie, published, with Greene's name, the Third and Last Part of *Connycatching*.

† Alluding to Tarleton, the clown. It may be hence inferred that if Greene was at any time an actor, it was in Tarleton's line of characters.

impious profaning of sacred texts; his other scandalous and blasphemous raving; his riotous and outrageous surfeiting; his continual shifting of lodgings; his plausible mustering and banqueting of roysterly acquaintance at his first coming; his beggarly departing in every hostess's debt; his infamous resorting to the Bankside, Shoreditch, Southwark, and other filthy haunts; his obscure lurking in basest corners; his pawning of his sword, cloak, and what not, when money came short; his impudent pamphletting, phantastical interluding, and desperate libelling, when other cozening shifts failed; his employing of Ball (surnamed Cutting Ball), till he was intercepted at Tyburn, to levy a crew of his trustiest companions to guard him in danger of arrests; his keeping of the aforesaid Ball's sister, a sorry ragged quean, of whom he had his base son, Infortunatus Greene; his forsaking of his own wife, too honest for such a husband; particulars are infinite; his contemning of superiors, deriding of others, and defying of all good order?

The allusion to Greene's 'ruffianly hair,' indicates one of the peculiarities of his personal appearance which other contemporaries corroborate; but the charge of unseemly apparel is contradicted by Nash and Chettle. With reference to his beard, Nash says that Greene 'cherished continually, without cutting, a jolly long red peak, like the spire of a steeple, whereat a man might hang a jewel, it was so sharp and pendant;' and Chettle describes him as 'a man of indifferent years, of face amiable, of body well-proportioned, his attire after the habit of a scholar-like gentleman, only his hair was somewhat long.'

The blasphemy of which Harvey accuses Greene is the heaviest offence laid to his account, and in the following admonitory address to his former associates and fellow dramatists Greene himself fully admits the truth of the impeachment. This address, in great part autobiographical, was printed at the end of *The Groat's Worth of Wit*, and, independently of its immediate bearing on Greene's life, is of considerable interest in a literary point of view.

TO THOSE GENTLEMEN, HIS QUONDAM ACQUAINTANCE, THAT SPEND THEIR WITS IN MAKING PLAYS, R. G. WISHETH A BETTER EXERCISE, AND WISDOM TO PREVENT HIS EXTREMITIES.

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians,* that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the fool in his heart, There is no God, should now give glory unto his greatness; for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavy upon me, he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldest give no glory to the Giver? Is it pestilent Machiavelian policy that thou hast studied? O peevish † folly! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate, in small time, the generation of mankind. For if *sic volo, sic jubeo*, hold in those that are able to command; and if it be lawful, *fas et nefas*, to do anything that is beneficial; only tyrants should possess the earth, and they, striving to exceed in tyranny, should each to other be a slaughterman, till the mightiest, outliving all, one stroke were left for death, that in one age man's life should end. The brother ‡ of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft, lived in fear, and ended in despair. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cain: this betrayer of him that gave his life for him inherited the portion of Judas: this apostate perished as ill as Julian; and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? § Look unto me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilful straining against known truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremity: for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

* Christopher Marlowe. † Mr. Dyce proposes to read 'brutish.'

‡ Mr. Dyce suggests 'broacher.'

§ The person here alluded to, Mr. Malone thinks, was, probably, Francis Kett, Fellow of Benet College, Cambridge, who was burned at Norwich for holding opinions against the Christian religion.

With thee I join young Juvenal,* that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy.† Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well: thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and name none; for one being spoken to, all are offended, none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worm, and it will turn; then blame not scholars who are vexed with sharp and bitter lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou no less deserving than the other two,‡ in some things rarer, in nothing inferior, driven (as myself) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burrs to cleave; those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart, wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. Oh, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse: yet whilst you may, seek your better masters: for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against those buckram gentlemen; but let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other new comers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who, I doubt not, will drive the best-minded to despise them: for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

* Thomas Lodge, the dramatist, who wrote one of the earliest English Satires, called *A Fig for Momus*.

† *A Looking Glass for London and England*.

‡ George Peele.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news: and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart: despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts; fly lust, as the deathsman of the soul; and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears, and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember *Robert Greene*, whom they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain: these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness puts out, which negligence let fall: for man's time of itself is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and the want of wherewith to sustain it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not then, I beseech ye, left to such weak stays; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave where I would begin: for a whole book cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words.

Dibdin, in his *Reminiscences*, observes that there is not the slightest mention of Shakspeare by any contemporaneous writer. He had overlooked this address, which not only contains a very remarkable reference to Shakspeare, but the earliest intimation we have of Shakspeare's occupation at the theatre. It is from the passage about 'the upstart crow beautified with our feathers,' and 'the only Shake-scene in a country,' that we obtain the first hint of Shakspeare's dramatic apprenticeship as an adaptor to the stage of the writings of others. The impossibility of tracing with accuracy the dates of Shakspeare's plays, renders it doubtful to what particular instances Greene alludes; but there is a sufficient approximation in the supposed dates of the *Second* and *Third Parts of Henry VI.* to the time when this address was written, to justify the assumption that the reference is intended specially to these two plays, which are known to have been founded on two older pieces called *The First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of York and*

Lancaster, and *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*. Hence, by an obvious inference, the older pieces are supposed to have been written wholly, or in part, by Greene or his friends. The line in italics is a parody on a line taken by Shakspeare from one of the early plays:—

O tyger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.

Had Greene lived a few years longer he would have had still greater reason to complain, or to be proud, of Shakspeare's appropriation of his labours, Shakspeare having founded the last of his dramas, *The Winter's Tale*, upon one of Greene's novels, *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time*, even to the adoption of his geographical blunder about the coast of Bohemia.

Notwithstanding the dissipation to which he surrendered himself during his brief career of authorship, Greene was a voluminous writer. His industry, at least, was irreproachable, and the versatility of his powers is amply attested by the extraordinary variety and number of his works. Hazlewood enumerates no less than forty-five independent publications, including plays and translations, which are ascribed to him; and the list is certainly imperfect. The great deficiency is in his plays, of which only five have descended to us. So prolific a producer, depending entirely on his writings for support, may be supposed to have contributed more largely to the theatre, which was to him, as to others, a principal source of profit. His plays, contrasted with those of the writers who belong to the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth and the beginning of the reign of James I., are not of much account. But, estimated by comparison with his contemporaries, Greene is entitled to a higher position. He was one of the founders of the English stage. Shakspeare had not yet appeared when Greene made his triumphs; and the 'wit-combats' at the Mermaid, which mark the culminating point of the dramatic poetry of the age, did not take place till many years after his death. Kyd, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele were his immediate contemporaries, and, although inferior to Kyd in breadth of conception, to Marlowe in passion, and to Lodge

in lyrical sweetness, he frequently rivalled them in the exuberance of his fancy, and may be said to have generally excelled them in occasional passages of remarkable elegance and refinement. He was one of the 'University pens' who were accused of overloading the drama with classical lore, an error of taste which was afterwards carried to the last extremity by Marston, and which helped materially, when a more natural style was introduced, to destroy the popularity of their productions. 'They smelt too much of that writer Ovid,' says a droll, in one of the stage satires of the day, 'and that writer 'Metamorphosis,' and talk too much of Proserpine and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakspeare can put them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too.'

The novels of Robert Greene were even more popular in his own time than his plays, although they have long since gone down into oblivion. Written to secure a temporary success, with an utter indifference to the verdicts of posterity, they were constructed on the fashionable model, and abound in euphuistic affectations of diction and sentiment. The language is generally stilted and pedantic, and the style crude and obscure. But they are not without special merits, which may still be recognised and admired. The plots are ingenious and skilfully conducted, and the conceits, which weary and offend the modern reader, are sometimes relieved by passages of much grace and beauty. They must also be regarded with interest as the medium through which nearly all Greene's poems, not of a dramatic kind, were published.

These pieces are scattered over the stories, in some places taking up the argument of the narrative, in others expressing the emotions and feelings of the characters; sometimes a song, sometimes a remonstrance or panegyric, and everywhere interleaving the action to brighten its progress. In no part of his works is Greene more unequal; and no where else, on the other hand, does he display so much true poetical feeling. Haste and negligence are visible throughout; yet there are few of these snatches of verse that are not worth preserving for some slight trait of excellence, either in the thought or

the expression. His association with Lodge, probably, led him to cultivate pastoral subjects, which he here occasionally touches with a truthfulness and simplicity hardly to be expected from the author of so many meretricious love pamphlets. The poems are entirely free from the ranting extravagance that runs through his plays; and, although he often overlays a passion with artificial images, he sometimes delineates it with reality and tenderness. Greene's versification cannot be included amongst his merits. He wants variety, fulness, and fluency. But his irregular measures are more agreeable than his blank verse, which is, for the most part, flat and monotonous.

In addition to the poems extracted from Greene's novels and the fragments which appeared in the anthology called *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600, the present edition contains a piece of some magnitude and importance not previously included in any collection. *The Maiden's Dream* is the only poem by Greene known to have been published in an independent form, and is by far the longest and most ambitious of his metrical productions. For the recovery of this interesting relic the public are indebted to the researches of Mr. James P. Reardon, who communicated his discovery to the Shakspeare Society in the year 1845.

POEMS
OF
ROBERT GREENE.

FROM MORANDO, THE TRITAMERON OF
LOVE.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF SILVESTRO'S LADY.

HER stature like the tall straight cedar trees,
Whose stately bulks do fame th' Arabian groves;
A pace like princely Juno when she braved
The Queen of love 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and courtesy;
A face like modest Pallas when she blushed
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
A lip sweet ruby-red, graced with delight;
A cheek wherein for interchange of hue
A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose;
Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights,
When chilling frost doth clear the azured sky;
Her hair of golden hue doth dim the beams
That proud Apollo giveth from his coach;
The Gnidian doves, whose white and snowy pens
Do stain the silver-streaming ivory,

* *Morando, the Tritameron of Love.* Wherein certain pleasant conceits, uttered by divers worthy personages, are perfectly discoursed, and three doubtful questions of love most pithily and pleasantly discussed. Showing to the wise how to use love, and to the fond how to eschew lust; and yielding to all both pleasure and profit. By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. 1584.

May not compare with those two moving hills,
 Which topped with pretty teats discover down a vale,
 Wherein the god of love may deign to sleep;
 A foot like Thetis when she tripped the sands
 To steal Neptune's favour with her steps;
 A piece despite of beauty framed,
 To show what nature's lineage could afford.

LACENA'S RIDDLE.

THE man whose method hangeth by the moon,
 And rules his diet by geometry;
 Whose restless mind rips up his mother's breast,
 To part her bowels for his family;
 And fetcheth Pluto's glee in fro the grass
 By careless cutting of a goddess' gifts;
 That throws his gotten labour to the earth,
 As trusting to content for others' shifts:
 'Tis he, good sir, that Satan best did please,
 When golden world set worldlings all at ease;
 His name is Person, and his progeny,
 Now tell me, of what ancient pedigree.

VERSES.

UNDER THE PICTURE OF FORTUNE.

THE fickle seat whereon proud Fortune sits,
 The restless globe whereon the fury stands,
 Bewrays her fond and far inconstant fits;
 The fruitful horn she handleth in her hands,
 Bids all beware to fear her flattering smiles,
 That giveth most when most she meaneth guiles;
 The wheel that turning never taketh rest,
 The top whereof fond worldlings count their bliss,
 Within a minute makes a black exchange,
 And then the vile and lowest better is;
 Which emblem tells us the inconstant state
 Of such as trust to Fortune or to fate.

FROM MENAPHON.*

APOLLO'S ORACLE.

WHEN Neptune riding on the southern seas,
 Shall from the bosom of his leman yield
 Th' Arcadian wonder, men and gods to please,
 Plenty in pride shall march amidst the field,
 Dead men shall war, and unborn babes shall frown,
 And with their falchions hew their foemen down.

When lambs have lions for their surest guide,
 And planets rest upon th' Arcadian hills,
 When swelling seas have neither ebb nor tide,
 When equal banks the ocean margin fills;
 Then look, Arcadians, for a happy time,
 And sweet content within your troubled clime.

MENAPHON'S SONG.

SOME say, Love,
 Foolish Love,
 Doth rule and govern all the gods
 I say Love,
 Inconstant Love,
 Sets men's senses far at odds.

* *Menaphon*. Camilla's alarum to slumbering Euphues, in his melancholic cell at Silexedra. Wherein are decyphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Love, the triumphs of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundry conceited passions, figured in a continue history, the trophies that virtue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Envy, or the resolution of Fortune. A work worthy the youngest ears for pleasure, or the gravest censurer for principles. Robertus Greene, in *Artibus Magister*. Omne tulit punctum. 1587.—This piece was afterwards printed under the title of *Arcadia*, by which name it is now more generally known.

Some swear Love,
 Smooth-faced Love,
 Is sweetest sweet that men can have :
 I say, Love,
 Sour Love,
 Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave :
 A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
 That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet :
 Wherein sweet ?
 In fading pleasures that do pain ?
 Beauty sweet :
 Is that sweet,
 That yieldeth sorrow for a gain ?
 If Love's sweet,
 Herein sweet
 That minutes' joys are monthly woes :
 'Tis not sweet,
 That is sweet
 Nowhere, but where repentance grows.
 Then love who list, if beauty be so sour ;
 Labour for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy ;
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe,
 Fortune changed made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies ;
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt ;
 More he crowed, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide :
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY.

WHEN tender ewes, brought home with evening
 Wend to their folds, [sun,
 And to their holds
 The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,
 Upon a tree
 The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch ;
 There resteth he :
 A little fly his harbour then did search,
 And did presume, though others laughed thereat,
 To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frowned, and shook his royal wings,
 And charged the fly
 From thence to hie:

Afraid, in haste, the little creature flings,
 Yet seeks again,

Fearful, to perk him by the eagle's side.
 With moody vein,

The speedy post of Ganymede replied,
 'Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die;
 Is't fit an eagle seat him with a fly?'

The fly craved pity, still the eagle frowned:

The silly fly,
 Ready to die,

Disgraced, displaced, fell grovelling to the ground:

The eagle saw,
 And with a royal mind said to the fly,
 'Be not in awe,

I scorn by me the meanest creature die;
 Then seat thee here.' The joyful fly up flings,
 And sate safe shadowed with the eagle's wings.

DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF SAMELA.

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
 Goes fair Samela;

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
 When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
 Is fair Samela

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
 Decked with the ruddy glisten of her love,
 Is fair Samela;

Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
 Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
 Shines fair Samela;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony;
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela,
Pallas in wit; all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela.

DORON'S JIG.

THROUGH the shrubs as I 'gan crack
For my lambs, little ones,
'Mongst many pretty ones,
Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black
As the crow;
Like the snow
Her face and brows shined, I ween;
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxom, and as sheen,
As was she
On her knee
That lulled the god whose arrow warms
Such merry little ones,
Such fair-faced pretty ones,
As dally in love's chiefest harms:
Such was mine,
Whose grey eyne
Made me love. I 'gan to woo
This sweet little one,
This bonny pretty one;
I wooed hard a day or two,
Till she bade—
' Be not sad,

Woo no more, I am thine own,
 Thy dearest little one,
 Thy truest pretty one.'
 Thus was faith and firm love shown,
 As behoves
 Shepherds' loves.

MELICERTUS' DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE on, my pipe, the praises of my love,
 And midst thy oaten harmony* recount
 How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
 And every string of thy heart's harp to move.
 Shall I compare her form unto the sphere,
 Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?
 Ah, more than that by just compare is thine,
 Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear!
 How oft have I descending Titan seen
 His burning locks couch in the sea-queen's lap,
 And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap
 In watery robes, as he her lord had been!
 Whenas my nymph, impatient of the night,
 Bade bright Arcturus with his train give place,
 Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,
 And lent each star a more than Delian light.
 Not Jove or Nature, should they both agree
 To make a woman of the firmament
 Of his mixed purity, could not invent
 A sky-born form so beautiful as she.

* The erroneous employment of this word in the sense of melody is frequent amongst the old writers, who, probably, took their use of it from the French, who still apply it indifferently to *time* and *unison*. Shakspeare generally employs it in its strict meaning, such as the harmony of form (the proportion or agreement of parts), or the harmony of sounds. In *Hamlet* it is misapplied in reference to the ventages of the pipe:—

'But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony.'—iii. 2.

MELICERTUS' MADRIGAL.

WHAT are my sheep without their wonted food?

What is my life except I gain my love?
 My sheep consume and faint for want of blood,
 My life is lost unless I grace approve:
 No flower that sapless thrives,
 No turtle without pheere.*

The day without the sun doth lour for woe,
 Then woe mine eyes, unless they beauty see;
 My sun Samela's eyes, by whom I know
 Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be:
 Nought more the heart revives
 Than to embrace his dear.

The stars from earthly humours gain their light,
 Our humours by their light possess their power;
 Samela's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,
 Infuse my pain or joys by smile or lour:
 So wends the source of love;
 It feeds, it fails, it ends.

Kind looks, clear to your joy behold her eyes,
 Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
 In them the heaven of joy and solace lies,
 Without them every hope his succour misses:
 O how I love to prove
 Whereto this solace tends!

MENAPHON'S SONG IN HIS BED.

YOU restless cares, companions of the night,
 That wrap my joys in folds of endless woes,
 Tire on my heart, and wound it with your spite,
 Since love and fortune prove my equal foes:
 Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
 Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

* Properly, fere—mate, companion.

Mourn heavens, mourn earth ; your shepherd is forlorn ;
 Mourn times and hours, since bale invades my bower ;
 Curse every tongue the place where I was born,
 Curse every thought the life which makes me lour :

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days ;
 Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Was I not free ? was I not fancy's aim ?
 Framed not desire my face to front disdain ?
 I was ; she did ; but now one silly maim
 Makes me to droop, as he whom love hath slain :
 Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days ;
 Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,
 I sigh, I sue for pity at her shrine,
 Whose fiery eyes exhale my vital breath,
 And make my flocks with parching heat to pine :
 Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days ;
 Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Fade they, die I : long may she live to bliss,
 That feeds a wanton fire with fuel of her form,
 And makes perpetual summer where she is ;
 Whiles I do cry, o'ertook with envy's storm,
 Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days ;
 Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

SONG.

FAIR fields, proud Flora's vaunt, why is't you smile,
 Whenas I languish ?
 You golden meads, why strive you to beguile
 My weeping anguish ?
 I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring :
 Why do you spring thus ?
 What, will not Boreas, tempest's wrathful king,
 Take some pity on us,

And send forth winter in her rusty weed
 To wail my bemoanings,
 Whiles I distressed do tune my country reed
 Unto my groanings?
 But heaven, and earth, time, place, and every power
 Have with her conspired
 To turn my blissful sweets to baleful sour,
 Since fond I desired
 The heaven whereto my thoughts may not aspire.
 Ah me, unhappy!
 It was my fault t' embrace my bane, the fire
 That forceth me die.
 Mine be the pain, but hers the cruel cause
 Of this strange torment;
 Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
 Till proud she repent.

MENAPHON'S ECLOGUE.

TOO weak the wit, too slender is the brain,
 That means to mark the power and worth of love;
 Not one that lives, except he hap to prove,
 Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret pain.
 Yet I that have been 'prentice to the grief,
 Like to the cunning sea-man from afar,
 By guess will take the beauty of that star,
 Whose influence must yield me chief relief.
 You censors of the glory of my dear,
 With reverence and lowly bent of knee,
 Attend and mark what her perfections be;
 For in my words my fancies shall appear.
 Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool
 That Jason with his Grecian mates atchieved;
 As pure as gold, yet not from gold derived;
 As full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

Her brows are pretty tables of conceit,
 Where love his records of delight doth quote;
 On them her dallying locks do daily float,
 As love full oft doth feed upon the bait.

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights
 That animate the sun, or cheer the day;
 In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,
 Whiles fancy doth on them divine delights.

Her cheeks like ripened lilies steeped in wine,
 Or fair pomegranate kernels washed in milk,
 Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,
 Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.

Her lips are roses over-washed with dew,
 Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;
 No frost their fair,* no wind doth waste their power,
 But by her breath her beauties do renew.

Her crystal chin like to the purest mould,
 Enchased with dainty daisies soft and white,
 Where fancy's fair pavilion once is pight,†
 Whereas embraced his beauties he doth hold.

Her neck like to an ivory shining tower,
 Where through with azure veins sweet nectar runs,
 Or like the down of swans where Senesse woons,‡
 Or like delight that doth itself devour.

Her paps are like fair apples in the prime,
 As round as orient pearls, as soft as down;
 They never vail their fair through winter's frown,
 But from their sweets love sucked his summer time.

Her body beauty's best esteemèd bower,
 Delicious, comely, dainty, without stain; [pain:
 The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my
 Whose fair all fair and beauties doth devour.

* Fairness—beauty.

† Pitched.

‡ Dwells.

Her maiden mount, the dwelling house of pleasure;
 Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
 O blest is he may bring such beauties under,
 Or search by suit the secrets of that treasure!

Devoured in thought, how wanders my device!
 What rests behind I must divine upon:
 Who talks the best, can say but fairer none;
 Few words well couched do most content the wise.

All you that hear, let not my silly style
 Condemn my zeal, for what my tongue should say,
 Serves to enforce my thoughts to seek the way
 Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.

Seld speaketh love, but sighs his secret pains;
 Tears are his truchmen,* words do make him tremble:
 How sweet is love to them that can dissemble
 In thoughts and looks, till they have reaped the gains!

All lonely I complain, and what I say
 I think, yet what I think tongue cannot tell:
 Sweet censors, take my silly worst for well;
 My faith is firm, though homely be my lay.

MELICERTUS' ECLOGUE.

WHAT need compare, where sweet exceeds compare?
 Who draws his thoughts of love from senseless
 Their pomp and greatest glories doth impair, [things,
 And mounts love's heaven with over-laden wings.

Stones, herbs, and flowers, the foolish spoils of earth,
 Floods, metals, colours, dalliance of the eye;
 These show conceit is stained with too much dearth,
 Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.

* Fr. *Trucheman*—interpreter. 'Sitting at a banquet with her, where also was the Prince of Orange, with all the greatest princes of the state, the Earl, though he could reasonably well speak French, would not speak one French word, but all English, whether he asked any question, or answered it, but all was done by trucheman.'—PUTTENHAM—*Art of Poetry*, lib. iii. ch. 23.

But he that hath the feeling taste of love
Derives his essence from no earthly toy;
A weak conceit his power cannot approve,
For earthly thoughts are subject to annoy.

Be whist, be still, be silent, censors, now :
My fellow swain has told a pretty tale,
Which modern poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I condemn the terms, for they are stale.

Apollo, when my mistress first was born,
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,
And said, I plant these wires in nature's scorn,
Whose beauties shall appear when time is dead.

From forth the crystal heaven when she was made
The purity thereof did taint her brow,
On which the glistering sun that sought the shade
'Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.

Those eyes, fair eyes, too fair to be described,
Were those that erst the chaos did reform ;
To whom the heavens their beauties have ascribed,
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worm.

When first her fair delicious cheeks were wrought,
Aurora brought her blush, the moon her white ;
Both so combined as passèd nature's thought,
Compiled those pretty orbs of sweet delight.

When Love and Nature once were proud with play,
From both their lips her lips the coral drew ;
On them doth fancy sleep, and every day
Doth swallow joy, such sweet delights to view.

Whilom while Venus' son did seek a bower
To sport with Psyche, his desirèd dear,
He chose her chin, and from that happy stowre*
He never stints in glory to appear.

* This word is used in several significations by the old writers, but chiefly as conflict, battle, disorder. Here it implies a particular moment of time.

Desires and Joys, that long had servèd Love,
 Besought a hold where pretty eyes might woo them :
 Love made her neck, and for their best behove
 Hath shut them there, whence no man can undo them.

Once Venus dreamed upon two pretty things,
 Her thoughts they were affection's chiefest nests ;
 She sucked and sighed, and bathed her in the springs,
 And when she waked, they were my mistress' breasts.

Once Cupid sought a hold to couch his kisses,
 And found the body of my best beloved,
 Wherein he closed the beauty of his blisses,
 And from that bower can never be removed.

The Graces erst, when Acidalian springs
 Were waxen dry, perhaps did find her fountain
 Within the vale of bliss, where Cupid's wings
 Do shield the nectar fleeting from the mountain.

No more, fond man : things infinite I see
 Brook no dimension ; hell a foolish speech ;
 For endless things may never talkèd be ;
 Then let me live to honour and beseech.

Sweet nature's pomp, if my deficient phrase
 Hath stained thy glories by too little skill,
 Yield pardon, though mine eye that long did gaze
 Hath left no better pattern to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detain
 Your listening ears with dalliance of my tongue ;
 I speak my joys, but yet conceal my pain,
 My pain too old, although my years be young.

DORON'S ECLOGUE, JOINED WITH CARMELA'S.

DORON.

SIT down, Carmela ; here are cobs for kings,
 Sloes black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes,
 Sweet cider, which my leathern bottle brings ;
 Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.

CARMELA.

Ah, Doron! ah, my heart! thou art as white,
As is my mother's calf or brinded cow;
Thine eyes are like the glow-worms* in the night;
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes;
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair;
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air;
Would God, thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine!

CARMELA.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON.

'Tis love, Carmela, ah, 'tis cruel love!
That like a slave and caitiff villain thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for thy behave.

CARMELA.

Where was he born?

* Slow-worms in former editions—apparently a mistake.

DORON.

In faith, I know not where :
 But I have heard much talking of his dart ;
 Ah me, poor man ! with many a trampling tear
 I feel him wound the forehearse of my heart.
 What, do I love ? O no, I do but talk :
 What, shall I die for love ? O no, not so :
 What, am I dead ? O no, my tongue doth walk :
 Come, kiss, Carmela, and confound my woe.

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
 I seal the sweet indentures of delight :
 Before I break my vow the gods forbid,
 No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland made of hollyhocks,
 I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss :
 Heigh ho ! how glad I am to touch thy locks !
 My frolic heart even now a freeman is.

CARMELA.

I thank you, Doron, and will think on you ;
 I love you, Doron, and will wink on you.
 I seal your charter patent with my thumbs :
 Come, kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.

SONNETTO.

WHAT thing is love ? It is a power divine,
 That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law,
 That dooms our minds to beauty to incline :
 It is a star, whose influence doth draw
 Our hearts to love, dissembling of his might
 Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce
 Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power,
 As mad with reason, we admit that force,
 Which wit or labour never may devour:

It is a will that brooketh no consent;
 It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which for to wait a time,
 Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass,
 As doth the shadow, severed from his prime,
 Seeming as though it were, yet never was;
 Leaving behind nought but repentant thoughts
 Of days ill spent, for that which profits noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war;
 A hope consumed before it is conceived;
 At hand it fears, and menaceth afar;
 And he that gains is most of all deceived:
 It is a secret hidden and not known,
 Which one may better feel than write upon.

FROM PERIMEDES, THE BLACKSMITH.*

MADRIGAL.

THE swans, whose pens as white as ivory,
 Eclipsing fair Endymion's silver love,
 Floating like snow down by the banks of Po,
 Ne'er tuned their notes, like Leda once forlorn,

* *Perimedes, the Blacksmith.* A Golden Method how to use the mind in pleasant and profitable exercise: wherein is contained special principles fit for the highest to imitate, and the meanest to put in practice, how best to spend the weary winter's nights, or the longest summer's evenings, in honest and delightful recreation: wherein we may learn to avoid idleness and wanton scurrility, which divers appoint as the end of their pastimes. Herein are interlaced three merry and necessary discourses fit for our time; with certain pleasant histories and tragical tales, which may breed delight to all, and offence to none. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. 1588.

With more despairing sorts of madrigals,
 Than I, whom wanton Love hath with his gad
 Pricked to the court of deep and restless thoughts.
 The frolic youngsters Bacchus' liquor mads,
 Run not about the wood of Thessaly
 With more enchanted fits of lunacy,
 Than I, whom Love, whom sweet and bitter Love
 Fires, infects with sundry passions;
 Now lorn with liking overmuch my love,
 Frozen with fearing if I step too far,
 Fired with gazing at such glimmering stars,
 As stealing light from Phœbus' brightest rays,
 Sparkle and set a flame within my breast.
 Rest, restless Love, fond baby be content;
 Child, hold thy darts within thy quiver close;
 And, if thou wilt be roving with thy bow,
 Aim at those hearts that may attend on love:
 Let country swains, and silly swads* be still;
 To court, young wag, and wanton there thy fill!

DITTY.

OBSCURE and dark is all the gloomy air,
 The curtain of the night is overspread;
 The silent mistress of the lowest sphere
 Puts on her sable-coloured veil, and lours.
 Nor star, nor milk-white circle of the sky
 Appears, where Discontent doth hold her lodge.
 She sits shrined in a canopy of clouds,
 Whose massy darkness mazeth every sense.
 Wan are her looks, her cheeks of azure hue;
 Her hairs as Gorgon's foul retorting snakes;
 Envy the glass wherein the hag doth gaze;
 Restless the clock that chimes her fast asleep;

* An empty-headed foolish fellow—from a peascod shell, called, in some country dialects, a swad.

Disquiet thoughts the minutes of her watch.
 Forth from her cave the fiend full oft doth fly:
 To kings she goes, and troubles them with crowns,
 Setting those high aspiring brands on fire,
 That flame from earth unto the seat of Jove;
 To such as Midas, men that doat on wealth,
 And rent the bowels of the middle earth
 For coin, who gape as did fair Danae
 For showers of gold, there Discontent in black
 Throws forth the vials of her restless cares;
 To such as sit at Paphos for relief,
 And offer Venus many solemn vows;
 To such as Hymen in his saffron robe
 Hath knit a Gordian knot of passions;
 To these, to all, parting the gloomy air,
 Black Discontent doth make her bad repair.

SONNET.

IN Cyprus sat fair Venus by a fount,
 Wanton Adonis toying on her knee:
 She kissed the wag, her darling of account;
 The boy 'gan blush, which when his lover see,
 She smiled, and told him love might challenge debt,
 And he was young, and might be wanton yet.
 The boy waxed bold, fired by fond desire,
 That woo he could and court her with conceit:
 Reason spied this, and sought to quench the fire
 With cold disdain; but wily Adon straight
 Cheered up the flame, and said, 'Good sir, what let?
 I am but young, and may be wanton yet.'
 Reason replied, that beauty was a bane
 To such as feed their fancy with fond love,
 That when sweet youth with lust is overta'en,
 It rues in age: this could not Adon move,
 For Venus taught him still this rest to set,
 That he was young, and might be wanton yet.

Where Venus strikes with beauty to the quick,
 It little 'vails sage Reason to reply ;
 Few are the cares for such as are love-sick,
 But love: then, though I wanton it awry,
 And play the wag, from Adon this I get,
 I am but young, and may be wanton yet.

SONNET.

IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

THE Siren Venus nourished in her lap
 Fair Adon, swearing whiles he was a youth
 He might be wanton: note his after-hap,
 The guerdon that such lawless lust ensu'th ;
 So long he followed flattering Venus' lore,
 Till, seely lad, he perished by a boar.
 Mars in his youth did court this lusty dame,
 He won her love; what might his fancy let
 He was but young? at last, unto his shame,
 Vulcan entrapped them slily in a net,
 And called the Gods to witness as a truth,
 A lecher's fault was not excused by youth.
 If crooked age accounteth youth his spring,
 The spring, the fairest season of the year,
 Enriched with flowers, and sweets, and many a thing,
 That fair and gorgeous to the eyes appear ;
 It fits that youth, the spring of man, should be
 'Riched with such flowers as virtue yieldeth thee.

SONNET.

FAIR is my love, for April in her face,
 Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
 And lordly July in her eyes takes place,
 But cold December dwelleth in her heart:
 Blest be the months, that set my thoughts on fire,
 Accurst that month that hindereth my desire!

Like Phœbus' fire, so sparkle both her eyes;
 As air perfumed with amber is her breath;
 Like swelling waves, her lovely teats do rise;
 As earth her heart, cold, dateth me to death:
 Ah me, poor man, that on the earth do live,
 When unkind earth death and despair doth give!
 In pomp sits mercy seated in her face;
 Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint;
 Her eyes shine favour, courtesy, and grace;
 But touch her heart, ah, that is framed of flint!
 Therefore my harvest in the grass bears grain;
 The rock will wear, washed with a winter's rain.

SONNET.

PHILLIS kept sheep along the western plains,
 And Coridon did feed his flocks hard by:
 This shepherd was the flower of all the swains
 That traced the downs of fruitful Thessaly,
 And Phillis, that did far her flocks surpass
 In silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.

A bonny lass, quaint in her country 'tire,
 Was lovely Phillis, Coridon swore so;
 Her locks, her looks, did set the swain on fire,
 He left his lambs, and he began to woo;
 He looked, he sighed, he courted with a kiss,
 No better could the silly swad than this.

He little knew to paint a tale of love,
 Shepherds can fancy, but they cannot say:
 Phillis 'gan smile, and wily thought to prove
 What uncouth grief poor Coridon did pay;
 She asked him how his flocks or he did fare,
 Yet pensive thus his sighs did tell his care.

The shepherd blushed when Phillis questioned so,
 And swore by Pan it was not for his flocks;
 'Tis love, fair Phillis, breedeth all this woe,
 My thoughts are trapped within thy lovely locks,

Thine eye hath pierced, thy face hath set on fire;
Fair Phillis kindleth Coridon's desire.'

'Can shepherds love?' said Phillis to the swain;
'Such saints as Phillis,' Coridon replied;
'Men when they lust can many fancies feign,'
Said Phillis; this not Coridon denied,
'That lust had lies, but love,' quoth he, 'says truth;
Thy shepherd loves,—then, Phillis, what ensu'th?'

Phillis was won, she blushed and hung the head;
The swain stepped to, and cheered her with a kiss;
With faith, with troth, they struck the matter dead;
So usèd they when men thought not amiss:
This love begun and ended both in one;
Phillis was loved, and she liked Coridon.

FROM PANDOSTO.*

THE PRAISE OF FAWNIA.

AH, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under wide heavens, but yet [I know] not such.

* *Pandosto. The Triumph of Time.* Wherein is discovered by a pleasant history, that although by the means of sinister fortune truth may be concealed, yet by time, in spite of fortune, it is most manifestly revealed. Pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.* By Robert Greene. Master of Arts in Cambridge. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* 1588.

So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
 Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
 Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
 Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower,
 Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
 She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
 For none must be comparèd to her note;
 Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
 Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
 Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
 She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
 And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled;
 When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
 O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
 Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast!

BELLARIA'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies entombed Bellaria fair,
 Falsely accused to be unchaste;
 Cleared by Apollo's sacred doom,
 Yet slain by jealousy at last.
 Whate'er thou be that passest by,
 Curse him that caused this Queen to die.

FROM NEVER TOO LATE.*

AN ODE.

DOWN the valley 'gan he track,
 Bag and bottle at his back,
 In a surcoat all of gray;
 Such wear palmers on the way,

* *Greene's Never Too Late.* Or, a Powder of Experience, sent to all Youthful Gentlemen, to root out the infectious follies, that over-

When with scrip and staff they see
Jesus' grave on Calvary;
A hat of straw, like a swain,
Shelter for the sun and rain,
With a scallop shell before;
Sandals on his feet he wore;
Legs were bare, arms unclad:
Such attire this palmer had.
His face fair like Titan's shine;
Gray and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropped pearls of sorrow:
Such sweet tears love doth borrow,
When in outward dew she plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains;
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks:
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When to keep her damsels quiet,
Beauty sets them down their diet.
Adon was not thought more fair;
Curlèd locks of amber hair,
Locks where love did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne.
Such a palmer ne'er was seen,
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet, for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint:
'Midst the riches of his face,
Grief decyphered high disgrace.
Every step strained a tear;
Sudden sighs showed his fear;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight;
That his passions did approve,
Weeds and sorrow were for love.

reaching conceits foster in the spring-time of their youth. Decyphering in a true English history, those particular vanities, that with a frosty vapour nip the blossoms of every ripe brain from attaining to his intended perfection. As pleasant as profitable, being a right pumice-stone, apt to race out idleness with delight, and folly with admonition. Rob. Greene, in *Artibus Magister*. 1590.

THE PALMER'S ODE.

OLD Menalcas, on a day,
 As in field this shepherd lay,
 Tuning of his oaten pipe,
 Which he hit with many a stripe,
 Said to Coridon that he
 Once was young and full of glee.
 'Blithe and wanton was I then:
 Such desires follow men.
 As I lay and kept my sheep,
 Came the God that hateth sleep,
 Clad in armour all of fire,
 Hand in hand with queen Desire,
 And with a dart that wounded nigh,
 Pierced my heart as I did lie;
 That when I woke I 'gan swear
 Phillis beauty's palm did bear.
 Up I start, forth went I,
 With her face to feed mine eye;
 There I saw Desire sit,
 That my heart with love had hit,
 Laying forth bright beauty's hooks
 To entrap my gazing looks.
 Love I did, and 'gan to woo,
 Pray and sigh; all would not do:
 Women, when they take the toy,
 Covet to be counted coy.
 Coy she was, and I 'gan court;
 She thought love was but a sport;
 Profound hell was in my thought;
 Such a pain desire had wrought,
 That I sued with sighs and tears;
 Still ingrate she stopped her ears,
 Till my youth I had spent.
 Last a passion of repent
 Told me flat, that Desire
 Was a brond of love's fire,

Which consumeth men in thrall,
 Virtue, youth, wit, and all.
 At this saw, back I start,
 Bet Desire from my heart,
 Shook off Love, and made an oath
 To be enemy to both.
 Old I was when thus I fled
 Such fond toys as cloyed my head,
 But this I learned at Virtue's gate,
 The way to good is never late.'

THE HERMIT'S VERSES.

HERE look, my son, for no vain-glorious shows
 Of royal apparition for the eye:
 Humble and meek befitteth men of years.
 Behold my cell, built in a silent shade,
 Holding content for poverty and peace,
 And in my lodge is fealty and faith,
 Labour and love united in one league.
 I want not, for my mind affordeth wealth;
 I know not envy, for I climb not high:
 Thus do I live, and thus I mean to die.

If that the world presents illusions,
 Or Sathan seeks to puff me up with pomp,
 As man is frail and apt to follow pride;
 Then see, my son, where I have in my cell
 A dead man's skull, which calls this straight to mind,
 That as this is, so must my ending be.
 When then I see that earth to earth must pass,
 I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grass.

If care to live, or sweet delight in life,
 As man desires to see out many days,
 Draws me to listen to the flattering world;
 Then see my glass, which swiftly out doth run,
 Compared to man, who dies ere he begins.

This tells me, time slacks not his posting course,
But as the glass runs out with every hour,
Some in their youth, some in their weakest age,
All sure to die, but no man knows his time.
By this I think, how vain a thing is man,
Whose longest life is likened to a span.

When Sathan seeks to sift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to give a fierce assault,
To make a shipwreck of my faith with fears ;
Then armed at all points to withstand the foe,
With holy armour ; here's the martial sword :
This book, this bible, this two-edgèd blade,
Whose sweet content pierceth the gates of hell,
Decyphering laws and discipline of war
To overthrow the strength of Sathan's jar.

ISABEL'S ODE.

SITTING by a river side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Banked about with choice flowers,
Such as spring from April showers,
When fair Iris smiling shows
All her riches in her dews ;
Thick-leaved trees so were planted,
As nor art nor nature wanted,
Bordering all the brook with shade,
As if Venus there had made,
By Flora's wile, a curious bower,
To dally with her paramour ;
At this current as I gazed,
Eyes entrapped, mind amazed,
I might see in my ken
Such a flame as fireth men,

Such a fire as doth fry
With one blaze both heart and eye,
Such a heat as doth prove
No heat like to heat of love.
Bright she was, for 'twas a she
That traced her steps towards me :
On her head she ware a bay,
To fence Phœbus' light away :
In her face one might descry
The curious beauty of the sky :
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feathered all with swift desire ;
Yet forth these fiery darts did pass
Pearlèd tears as bright as glass,
That wonder 'twas in her eyne
Fire and water should combine,
If the old saw did not borrow,
Fire is love, and water sorrow.
Down she sate, pale and sad ;
No mirth in her looks she had ;
Face and eyes showed distress,
Inward sighs discoursed no less :
Head on hand might I see,
Elbow leaned on her knee.
Last she breathed out this saw,
' O that love hath no law !
Love enforceth with constraint,
Love delighteth in complaint.
Whoso loves, hates his life,
For love's peace is mind's strife.
Love doth feed on beauty's fare,
Every dish sauced with care :
Chiefly women, reason why,
Love is hatchèd in their eye ;
Thence it steppeth to the heart,
There it poisoneth every part,
Mind and heart, eye and thought,
Till sweet love their woes hath wrought :

Then repentant they 'gan cry,
 O my heart that trowed mine eye!
 Thus she said, and then she rose,
 Face and mind both full of woes;
 Flinging thence with this saw,
 'Fie on love that hath no law!'

FRANCESCO'S ODE.

WHEN I look about the place
 Where sorrow nurseth up disgrace,
 Wrapped within a fold of cares,
 Whose distress no heart spares;
 Eyes might look, but see no light,
 Heart might think but on despite;
 Sun did shine, but not on me.
 Sorrow said, it may not be
 That heart or eye should once possess
 Any salve to cure distress;
 For men in prison must suppose
 Their couches are the beds of woes.
 Seeing this, I sighed then
 Fortune thus should punish men:
 But when I called to mind her face,
 For whose love I brook this place,
 Starry eyes, whereat my sight
 Did eclipse with much delight,
 Eyes that lighten, and do shine,
 Beams of love that are divine,
 Lily cheeks, whereon beside
 Buds of roses show their pride,
 Cherry lips, which did speak
 Words that made all hearts to break,
 Words most sweet, for breath was sweet
 Such perfume for love is meet,
 Precious words, as hard to tell
 Which more pleasèd, wit or smell;

When I saw my greatest pains
 Grow for her that beauty stains,
 Fortune thus I did reprove,
 Nothing grieffull grows from love.

CANZONE.

AS then the sun sat lordly in his pride,
 Not shadowed with the veil of any cloud,
 The welkin had no rack that seemed to glide,
 No dusky vapour did bright Phœbus shroud ;
 No blemish did eclipse the beauteous sky
 From setting forth heaven's secret searching eye.
 No blustering wind did shake the shady trees,
 Each leaf lay still and silent in the wood ;
 The birds were musical ; the labouring bees,
 That in the summer heap their winter's good,
 Plied to their hives sweet honey from those flowers,
 Whereout the serpent strengthens all his powers.
 The lion laid and stretched him in the lawns ;
 No storm did hold the leopard fro his prey ;
 The fallow fields were full of wanton fawns ;
 The plough-swains never saw a fairer day ;
 For every beast and bird did take delight,
 To see the quiet heavens to shine so bright.
 When thus the winds lay sleeping in the caves,
 The air was silent in her concave sphere,
 And Neptune, with a calm did please his slaves,
 Ready to wash the never-drenchèd bear ;
 Then did the change of my affects begin,
 And wanton love assayed to snare me in.
 Leaning my back against a lofty pine,
 Whose top did check the pride of all the air,
 Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts mine
 eyne,
 Upon the sun, the fairest of all fair ;

What thing made God so fair as this, quoth I?
And thus I mused until I darked mine eye.

Finding the sun too glorious for my sight,
I glanced my look to shun so bright a lamp:
With that appeared an object twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my senses all were damp;
In Ida richer beauty did not win,
When lovely Venus showed her silver skin.

Her pace was like to Juno's pompous strains, [way;
Whenas she sweeps through heaven's brass-paved
Her front was powdered through with azured veins,
That 'twixt sweet roses and fair lilies lay,
Reflecting such a mixture from her face,
As tainted Venus' beauty with disgrace.

Arctophylax, the brightest of the stars,
Was not so orient as her crystal eyes,
Wherein triumphant sat both peace and wars,
From out whose arches such sweet favour flies,
As might reclaim Mars in his highest rage,
At beauty's charge his fury to assuage.

The diamond gleams not more reflecting lights,
Pointed with fiery pyramids to shine,
Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
Darting fire out the crystal of her eyne,
Able to set Narcissus' thoughts on fire,
Although he swore him foe to sweet desire.

Gazing upon this leman with mine eye,
I felt my sight vail bonnet to her looks;
So deep a passion to my heart did fly,
As I was trapped within her luring hooks,*
Forced to confess, before that I had done,
Her beauty far more brighter than the sun.

* A favourite figure with Greene:—

Laying forth bright beauty's hooks

To entrap my gazing looks.—p. 56.

Wherein fancy baits her hooks.—p. 63.

When I surveyed the riches of her looks

Wherein lay baits that Venus snares with hooks.—p. 65.

INFIDA'S SONG.

SWEET Adon, dar'st not glance thine eye—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Upon thy Venus that must die ?

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

See how sad thy Venus lies,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Love in heart, and tears in eyes ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Wherein fancy baits her hooks ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Amongst the western mounts of snow ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Thy neck as silver-white as dove ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
 Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

All thy beauties sting my heart;—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
 I must die through Cupid's dart;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Wilt thou let thy Venus die?
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
 Adon were unkind, say I,—
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

To let fair Venus die for woe,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
 That doth love sweet Adon so;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

FRANCESCO'S ROUNDELAY.

SITTING and sighing in my secret muse,
 As once Apollo did, surprised with love,
 Noting the slippery ways young years do use,
 What fond affects the prime of youth do move;
 With bitter tears, despairing I do cry,
 Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

When wanton age, the blossoms of my time,
Drew me to gaze upon the gorgeous sight,
That beauty, pompous in her highest prime,
Presents to tangle men with sweet delight,
Then with despairing tears my thoughts do cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
When I surveyed the riches of her looks,
Whereout flew flames of never-quenched desire,
Wherein lay baits that Venus snares with hooks,
Or where proud Cupid sat all armed with fire;
Then touched with love my inward soul did cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
The milk-white galaxia of her brow,
Where love doth dance lavoltas of his skill,
Like to the temple where true lovers vow
To follow what shall please their mistress' will;
Noting her ivory front, now do I cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
Her face, like silver Luna in her shine,
All tainted through with bright vermilion strains,
Like lilies dipt in Bacchus' choicest wine,
Powdered and interseamed with azured veins;
Delighting in their pride, now may I cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
The golden wires that checker in the day
Inferior to the tresses of her hair,
Her amber trammels did my heart dismay,
That when I looked I durst not over-dare;
Proud of her pride, now am I forced to cry
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
These fading beauties drew me on to sin,
Nature's great riches framed my bitter ruth;
These were the traps that love did snare me in,
Oh, these, and none but these, have wrecked my
youth!
Misled by them, I may despairing cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

By these I slipped from virtue's holy track,
That leads unto the highest crystal sphere;
By these I fell to vanity and wrack,
And as a man forlorn with sin and fear,
Despair and sorrow doth constrain me cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

THE PENITENT PALMER'S ODE.

WHILOM in the winter's rage,
A palmer old and full of age,
Sat and thought upon his youth,
With eyes' tears, and heart's ruth;
Being all with cares y-blent,
When he thought on years mispent.
When his follies came to mind,
How fond love had made him blind,
And wrapped him in a field of woes,
Shadowèd with pleasure's shows,
Then he sighed, and said, 'Alas,
Man is sin, and flesh is grass!
I thought my mistress' hairs were gold,
And in their locks my heart I fold;
Her amber tresses were the sight
That wrappèd me in vain delight:
Her ivory front, her pretty chin,
Were stales that drew me on to sin:
Her starry looks, her crystal eyes,
Brighter than the sun's arise,
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yoked my thoughts and my desire,
That I 'gan cry ere I blin,
O, her eyes are paths to sin!
Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,
All her looks for love were meet;
But love is folly, this I know,
And beauty fadeth like to snow

O, why should man delight in pride,
 Whose blossom like a dew doth glide!
 When these supposes touched my thought,
 That world was vain and beauty nought,
 I 'gan sigh, and say, alas,
 Man is sin, and flesh is grass!

ISABEL'S SONNET

THAT SHE MADE IN PRISON.

NO storm so sharp to rent the little reed,
 For sild it breaks though every way it bend;
 The fire may heat but not consume the flint;
 The gold in furnace purer is indeed;
 Report, that sild to honour is a friend,
 May many lies against true meaning mint,
 But yet at last
 'Gainst slander's blast
 Truth doth the silly sackless soul defend.
 Though false reproach seeks honour to distain,
 And envy bites the bud though ne'er so pure;
 Though lust doth seek to blemish chaste desire,
 Yet truth that brooks not falsehood's slanderous stain,
 Nor can the spite of envy's wrath endure,
 Will try true love from lust in justice' fire,
 And, maugre all,
 Will free from thrall
 The guiltless soul that keeps his footing sure.
 Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
 And guilt cannot approach the honest mind;
 Where chaste intent is free from any miss,
 Though envy strive, yet searching time
 With piercing insight will the truth outfind,
 And make discovery who the guilty is;
 For time still tries
 The truth from lies,
 And God makes open what the world doth blind.

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,

MADE IN THE PRIME OF HIS PENANCE.

WITH sweating brows I long have ploughed the
sands ;

My seed was youth, my crop was endless care ;

Repent hath sent me home with empty hands

At last, to tell how rife our follies are ;

And time hath left experience to approve

The gain is grief to those that traffic love.

The silent thoughts of my repentant years

That fill my head have called me home at last ;

Now love unmasked a wanton wretch appears,

Begot by guileful thought with over haste ;

In prime of youth a rose, in age a weed,

That for a minute's joy pays endless need.

Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,

Allied to wit by want and sorrow bought,

Farewell, fond youth, long fostered in deceit ;

Forgive me, time, disguised in idle thought ;

And, love, adieu ; lo, hasting to mine end,

I find no time too late for to amend !

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,

CALLED HIS PARTING BLOW.

REASON, that long in prison of my will
Hast wept thy mistress' wants and loss of time,
Thy wonted siege of honour safely climb,
To thee I yield as guilty of mine ill.

Lo, fettered in their tears, mine eyes are pressed

To pay due homage to their native guide :

My wretched heart wounded with bad betide

To crave his peace from reason is addressed.

My thoughts ashamed, since by themselves consumed,
 Have done their duty to repentant wit:
 Ashamed of all, sweet guide, I sorry sit,
 To see in youth how I too far presumed.
 Thus he whom love and error did betray,
 Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way.

EURYMACHUS' FANCY IN THE PRIME OF HIS
 AFFECTION.

WHEN lordly Saturn, in a sable robe,
 Sat full of frowns and mourning in the west,
 The evening star scarce peeped from out her lodge,
 And Phœbus newly galloped to his rest;
 Even then
 Did I

Within my boat sit in the silent streams,
 All void of cares as he that lies and dreams.

As Phaon, so a ferryman I was;
 The country lasses said I was too fair:
 With easy toil I laboured at mine oar,
 To pass from side to side who did repair;
 And then
 Did I

For pains take pence, and, Charon-like, transport
 As soon the swain as men of high import.

When want of work did give me leave to rest,
 My sport was catching of the wanton fish:
 So did I wear the tedious time away,
 And with my labour mended oft my dish;
 For why
 I thought

That idle hours were calendars of ruth,
 And time ill-spent was prejudice to youth.

I scorned to love; for were the nymph as fair
As she that loved the beauteous Latmian swain,
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her brows
Like ivory, could my affection gain;

For why

I said

With high disdain, love is a base desire,
And Cupid's flames, why, they're but watery fire.

As thus I sat, disdaining of proud love,
'Have over, ferryman,' there cried a boy;
And with him was a paragon for hue,
A lovely damsel, beauteous and coy;

And there

With her

A maiden, covered with a tawny veil,
Her face unseen for breeding lovers' bale.

I stirred my boat, and when I came to shore,
The boy was winged; methought it was a wonder;
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runs before the hot report of thunder;

Her smiles

Were sweet,

Lovely her face; was ne'er so fair a creature,
For earthly carcass had a heavenly feature.

'My friend,' quoth she, 'sweet ferryman, behold,
We three must pass, but not a farthing fare;
But I will give, for I am Queen of love,
The brightest lass thou lik'st unto thy share;

Choose where

Thou lov'st,

Be she as fair as Love's sweet lady is,
She shall be thine, if that will be thy bliss.'

With that she smiled with such a pleasing face,
As might have made the marble rock relent;
But I that triumphed in disdain of love,
Bad fie on him that to fond love was bent,

And then

Said thus,

'So light the ferryman for love doth care,
As Venus pass not, if she pay no fare!'

At this a frown sat on her angry brow;
She winks upon her wanton son hard by;
He from his quiver drew a bolt of fire,
And aimed so right as that he pierced mine eye;

And then

Did she

Draw down the veil that hid the virgin's face,
Whose heavenly beauty lightened all the place.

Straight then I leaned mine ear upon mine arm,
And looked upon the nymph (if so) was fair;
Her eyes were stars, and like Apollo's locks
Methought appeared the trammels of her hair;

Thus did

I gaze

And sucked in beauty, till that sweet desire
Cast fuel on, and set my thought on fire.

When I was lodged within the net of love,
And that they saw my heart was all on flame,
The nymph away, and with her trips along
The wingèd boy, and with her goes his dame:

O, then

I cried,

'Stay, ladies, stay, and take not any care,
You all shall pass, and pay no penny fare!'

Away they fling, and looking coyly back,
They laugh at me, O, with a loud disdain!
I send out sighs to overtake the nymphs,
And tears, as lures, to call them back again;

But they

Fly thence;

And I sit in my boat, with hand on oar,
And feel a pain, but know not what's the sore.

At last I feel it is the flame of love,
I strive but bootless to express the pain ;
It cools, it fires, it hopes, it fears, it frets,
And stirreth passions throughout every vein ;
 That down
 I sat,
And sighing did fair Venus' laws approve,
And swore no thing so sweet and sour as love.

RADAGON'S SONNET.

NO clear appeared upon the azured sky ;
A veil of storms had shadowed Phœbus
And in a sable mantle of disgrace
Sate he that is y-cleped heaven's bright eye,
As though that he,
Perplexed for Clytia, meant to leave his place,
And wrapt in sorrows did resolve to die,
For death to lovers' woes is ever nigh ;
Thus folded in a hard and mournful laze
Distressed sate he.

A misty fog had thickened all the air;
Iris sate solemn and denied her showers;
Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
And would not diaper her meads with fair,
As though that she
Were armed upon the barren earth to lour;
Unto the founts Diana nild repair,
But sate, as overshadowed with despair,
Solemn and sad within a withered bower,
Her nymphs and she.

Mars malcontent lay sick on Venus' knee;
Venus in dumps sat muffled with a frown;
Juno laid all her frolic humours down,
And Jove was all in dumps as well as she:
 'Twas fate's decree;

For Neptune, as he meant the world to drown,
 Heaved up his surges to the highest tree,
 And, leagued with Æol, marred the seaman's glee,
 Beating the cedars with his billows down ;

Thus wroth was he.

My mistress deigns to show her sun-bright face,
 The air cleared up, the clouds did fade away ;
 Phœbus was frolic, when she did display
 The gorgeous beauties that her front do grace :

So that when she

But walked abroad, the storms then fled away ;
 Flora did chequer all her treading place,
 And Neptune calmed the surges with his mace ;
 Diana and her nymphs were blithe and gay

When her they see.

Venus and Mars agreèd in a smile,
 And jealous Juno ceased now to lour ;
 Jove saw her face and sighèd in his bower ;
 Iris and Æol laugh within a while

To see this glee.

Ah, born was she within a happy hour,
 That makes heaven, earth, and gods, and all, to smile
 Such wonders can her beauteous looks compile
 To clear the world from any froward lour ;

Ah, blest be she !

EURYMACHUS IN LAUDEM MIRIMIDÆ.

WHEN Flora, proud in pomp of all her flowers,
 Sat bright and gay,
 And gloried in the dew of Iris' showers,
 And did display
 Her mantle chequered all with gaudy green ;
 Then I
 Alone

A mournful man in Erecine was seen.

With folded arms I trampled through the grass,
Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortune brittle glass,
And love to be,
Like Fortune, fleeting as the restless wind,
Mixed
With mists,
Whose damp doth make the clearest eyes grow blind.
Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame;
I cast my sight
And saw where blithely bathing in the same
With great delight,
A worm did lie, wrapped in a smoky sweat,
And yet
'Twas strange,
It careless lay and shrunk not at the heat.
I stood amazed and wondering at the sight,
While that a dame,
That shone like to the heaven's rich sparkling light,
Discoursed the same;
And said, my friend, this worm within the fire,
Which lies
Content,
Is Venus' worm, and represents desire.
A salamander is this princely beast :
Decked with a crown,
Given him by Cupid as a gorgeous crest
'Gainst fortune's frown,
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
Not forth,
For why, he cannot live without the same.
As he, so lovers lie within the fire
Of fervent love,
And shrink not from the flame of hot desire,
Nor will not move

From any heat that Venus' force imparts,
But lie
Content
Within a fire, and waste away their hearts.
Up flew the dame, and vanished in a cloud,
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
Of love; for why,
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
And yet,
As did
The salamander, 'twas my whole desire.

RADAGON IN DIANAM.

IT was a valley gaudy green,
Where Dian at the fount was seen;
Green it was,
And did pass
All other of Diana's bowers,
In the pride of Flora's flowers.
A fount it was that no sun sees,
Circled in with cypress trees,
Set so nigh
As Phœbus' eye
Could not do the virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.
She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight;
Virgins so
Ought to go,
For white in armory is placed
To be the colour that is chaste.
Her taffata cassock might you see
Tuckèd up above her knee,

Which did show
There below
Legs as white as whale's bone;
So white and chaste were never none.

Hard by her, upon the ground,
Sat her virgins in a round
Bathing their
Golden hair,
And singing all in notes high,
Fie on Venus' flattering eye:

Fie on love, it is a toy;
Cupid witless and a boy;
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent down from high,
To pester men with misery.

As thus the virgins did disdain
Lovers' joys and lovers' pain,
Cupid nigh
Did espy,
Grieving at Diana's song,
Slyly stole these maids among.

His bow of steel, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposed Jove
Was fair and frolic for to love;
Dian she
Scaped not free,
For, well I wot, hereupon
She loved the swain Endymion;

Clytia Phœbus, and Chloris' eye
 Thought none so fair as Mercury :
 Venus thus
 Did discuss
 By her son in darts of fire,
 None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,
 Blushing thus at love's braids :
 With sighs, all
 Show their thrall ;
 And flinging hence pronounce this saw,—
 What so strong as love's sweet law ?

MULIDOR'S MADRIGAL.

DILDIDO, dildido,
 O love, O love,
 I feel thy rage rumble below and above !

In summer time I saw a face,
 Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas !
 Like to a stoned horse was her pace :
 Was ever young man so dismayed ?
 Her eyes, like wax torches, did make me afraid :
 Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trepas.

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth supposes ;
 Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.

Mon Dieu, aide moi !

That I with the primrose of my fresh wit
 May tumble her tyranny under my feet :

He ! donc je serai un jeune roi.

Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas !

Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trepas.

THE PALMER'S VERSES.

IN greener years, whenas my greedy thoughts
 'Gan yield their homage to ambitious will,
 My feeble wit, that then prevailed noughts,
 Perforce presented homage to his ill;
 And I in folly's bonds fulfilled with crime,
 At last unloosed, thus spied my loss of time.

As in his circular and ceaseless ray
 The year begins, and in itself returns,
 Refreshed by presence of the eye of day,
 That sometimes nigh and sometimes far sojourns;
 So love in me, conspiring my decay,
 With endless fire my heedless bosom burns,
 And from the end of my aspiring sin,
 My paths of error hourly do begin.

ARIES.

When in the Ram the sun renews his beams,
 Beholding mournful earth arrayed in grief,
 That waits relief from his refreshing gleams,
 The tender flocks, rejoicing their relief,
 Do leap for joy and lap the silver streams:
 So at my prime when youth in me was chief,
 All heifer-like, with wanton horn I played,
 And by my will my wit to love betrayed.

TAURUS.

When Phœbus with Europa's bearer bides,
 The spring appears; impatient of delays,
 The labourer to the fields his plough-swains guides,
 He sows, he plants, he builds, at all assays:
 When prime of years that many errors hides,
 By fancy's force did trace ungodly ways,
 I blindfold walked, disdaining to behold
 That life doth vade, and young men must be old.

GEMINI.

When in the hold, whereas the Twins do rest,
Proud Phlegon, breathing fire, doth post amain,
The trees with leaves, the earth with flowers is dressed;
When I in pride of years, with peevish brain,
Presumed too far, and made fond love my guest,
With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amain:
In height of weal who bears a careless heart,
Repents too late his over-foolish part.

CANCER.

When in æstival Cancer's gloomy bower,
The greater glory of the heavens doth shine,
The air is calm, the birds at every stowre
Do tempt the heavens with harmony divine:
When I was first enthralled in Cupid's power,
In vain I spent the May-month of my time,
Singing for joy to see me captive thrall
To him, whose gains are grief, whose comfort small.

LEO.

When in the height of his meridian walk,
The Lion's hold contains the eye of day,
The riping corn grows yellow in the stalk:
When strength of years did bless me every way,
Masked with delights of folly was my talk,
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay;
In lust I sowed, my fruit was loss of time;
My hopes were proud, and yet my body slime.*

VIRGO.

When in the Virgin's lap earth's comfort sleeps,
Bating the fury of his burning eyes,
Both corn and fruits are firmed, and comfort creeps
On every plant and flower that springing rise:
When age at last his chief dominion keeps,
And leads me on to see my vanities,

* Slight, slim.

What love and scant foresight did make me sow,
In youthful years is ripened now in woe.

LIBRA.

When in the Balance Daphne's leman blins,
The ploughman gathereth fruit for passed pain :
When I at last considered on my sins,
And thought upon my youth and follies vain,
I cast my count, and reason now begins
To guide mine eyes with judgment, bought with pain,
Which weeping wish a better way to find,
Or else for ever to the world be blind.

SCORPIO.

When with the Scorpion proud Apollo plays,
The vines are trod and carried to their press,
The woods are felled 'gainst winter's sharp affrays :
When graver years my judgments did address,
I 'gan repair my ruins and decays,
Exchanging will to wit and soothfastness,
Claiming from time and age no good but this,
To see my sin, and sorrow for my miss.

SAGITTARIUS.

Whenas the Archer in his winter hold,
The Delian harper tunes his wonted love,
The ploughman sows and tills his laboured mould :
When with advice and judgment I approve
How love in youth hath grief for gladness sold,
The seeds of shame I from my heart remove,
And in their steads I set down plants of grace,
And with repent bewailed my youthful race.

CAPRICORNUS.

When he that in Eurotas' silver glide
Doth bain his tress, beholdeth Capricorn,
The days grow short, then hastes the winter tide ;
The sun with sparing lights doth seem to mourn ;
Gray is the green, the flowers their beauty hide :
Whenas I see that I to death was born,

My strength decayed, my grave already dressed,
I count my life my loss, my death my best.

AQUARIUS.

When with Aquarius Phœbe's brother stays,
The blithe and wanton winds are whist and still;
Cold frost and snow the pride of earth betrays:
When age my head with hoary hairs doth fill,
Reason sits down, and bids me count my days,
And pray for peace, and blame my froward will;
In depth of grief, in this distress I cry,
Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei!

PISCES.

When in the Fishes' mansion Phœbus dwells,
The days renew, the earth regains his rest:
When old in years, my want my death foretells,
My thoughts and prayers to heaven are whole ad-
Repentance youth by folly quite expels; [dressed;
I long to be dissolvèd for my best,
That young in zeal, long beaten with my rod,
I may grow old to wisdom and to God.

FROM THE MOURNING GARMENT.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHEPHERD AND
HIS WIFE.

IT was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry,

* Greene's *Mourning Garment*: given him by Repentance at the funerals of Love; which he presents for a favour to all young gentlemen that wish to wean themselves from wanton desires. Both pleasant and profitable. By R. Greene. *Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio.* 1590.

To see if lovers in the thick
Could dally with a wanton trick;
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to overgo.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and folds of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play;
She tuned voice unto his lay,
And, for you might her huswife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young: his coat was green,
With welts of white seamed between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap.
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee:
A whittle with a silver chape:
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft
To shrowd him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head.
A bottle full of country whig*
By the shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by,
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master 'gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain;
For though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay,
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,

* Whey, according to some authorities; according to others, butter-milk.

Nor Menalcas, whom they call
 The alderliest swain of all.
 Seeming him was his wife,
 Both in line and in life:
 Fair she was as fair might be,
 Like the roses on the tree;
 Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
 Beauteous like a summer's queen,
 For her cheeks were ruddy-hued,
 As if lilies were imbrued
 With drops of blood, to make the white
 Please the eye with more delight:
 Love did lie within her eyes
 In ambush for some wanton prize.
 A liefer lass than this had been
 Coridon had never seen,
 Nor was Phillis, that fair may,
 Half so gaudy or so gay.
 She wore a chaplet on her head;
 Her cassock was of scarlet red,
 Long and large, as straight as bent:
 Her middle was both small and gent;
 A neck as white as whale's bone,
 Compassed with a lace of stone.
 Fine she was, and fair she was,
 Brighter than the brightest glass;
 Such a shepherd's wife as she
 Was not more in Thessaly.

 THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

A H, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweeter too,
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
 Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;

And merrier too,

For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat;

And blither too,

For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;

More wanton too,

For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his beds of down;

More sounder too,

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sith;

And blither too,

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

HEXAMETRA ALEXIS IN LAUDEM ROSAMUNDÆ.*

OFt have I heard my lief Coridon report on a love-
day,

When bonny maids do meet with the swains in the
valley by Tempe,

How bright-eyed his Phillis was, how lovely they
glanced,

When fro th' arches ebon-black flew looks as a light-
ning,

That set a-fire with piercing flames even hearts ada-
mantine:

Face rose-hued, cherry-red, with a silver taint like a
lily:

Venus' pride might abate, might abash with a blush to
behold her;

Phœbus' wires compared to her hairs unworthy the
praising;

Juno's state and Pallas' wit disgraced with the Graces
That graced her, whom poor Coridon did choose for a
love-mate.

Ah, but had Coridon now seen the star that Alexis

* Nash humorously describes English hexameters as 'that drunken, staggering kind of verse, which is all up hill and down hill, like the way betwixt Stamford and Beechfield, and goes like a horse plunging through the mire in the deep of winter, now soused up to the saddle, and straight aloft on his tip-toes.'—*Have with You to Saffron-Walden.*

Likes and loves so dear, that he melts to sighs when
 he sees her,
 Did Coridon but see those eyes, those amorous eye-lids,
 From whence fly holy flames of death or life in a mo-
 ment!

Ah, did he see that face, those hairs that Venus, Apollo
 Bashed to behold, and, both disgraced, did grieve that
 a creature

Should exceed in hue, compare both a god and a god-
 dess!

Ah, had he seen my sweet paramour, the taint of Alexis,
 Then had he said, Phillis, sit down surpassed in all
 points,

For there is one more fair than thou, beloved of Alexis!

HEXAMETRA ROSAMUNDÆ IN DOLOREM AMISSI ALEXIS.

TEMPE, the grove where dark Hecate doth keep her
 abiding,

Tempe, the grove where poor Rosamond bewails her
 Alexis,

Let not a tree nor a shrub be green to show thy rejoicing,
 Let not a leaf once deck thy boughs and branches, O
 Tempe!

Let not a bird record her tunes, nor chant any sweet
 notes,

But Philomel, let her bewail the loss of her amours,
 And fill all the wood with doleful tunes to bemoan her:
 Parched leaves fill every spring, fill every fountain;
 All the meads in mourning weed fit them to lamenting;
 Echo sit and sing despair i' the valleys, i' the mountains;
 All Thessaly help poor Rosamond mournful to bemoan
 her,

For she's quite bereft of her love, and left of Alexis!
 Once was she liked and once was she loved of wanton
 Alexis:

Now is she loathed and now is she left of trothless
Alexis.

Here did he clip and kiss Rosamond, and vow by Diana,
None so dear to the swain as I, nor none so beloved;
Here did he deeply swear and call great Pan for a
witness,

That Rosamond was only the rose beloved of Alexis,
That Thessaly had not such another nymph to delight
him:

None, quoth he, but Venus' fair shall have any kisses;
Not Phillis, were Phillis alive, should have any favours,
Nor Galate, Galate so fair for beauteous eyebrows,
Nor Doris, that lass that drew the swains to behold her,
Not one amongst all these, nor all should gain any
graces,

But Rosamond alone, to herself should have her Alexis.
Now, to revenge the perjured vows of faithless Alexis,
Pan, great Pan, that heard'st his oaths, and mighty
Diana,

You Dryades, and watery Nymphs that sport by the
fountains,

Fair Tempe, the gladsome grove of greatest Apollo,
Shrubs and dales and neighbouring hills, that heard
when he swore him,

Witness all, and seek to revenge the wrongs of a
virgin!

Had any swain been lief to me but guileful Alexis,
Had Rosamond twined myrtle boughs, or rosemary
branches,

Sweet hollyhock, or else daffodil, or slips of a bay-tree,
And given them for a gift to any swain but Alexis,
Well had Alexis done t' have left his rose for a giglot:
But Galate ne'er loved more dear her lovely Menalcas,
Than Rosamond did dearly love her trothless Alexis;
Endymion was ne'er beloved of his Cytherea,
Half so dear as true Rosamond beloved her Alexis.

Now, seely lass, hie down to the lake, haste down to
the willows,

And with those forsaken twigs go make thee a chaplet;

Mournful sit, and sigh by the springs, by the brooks,
by the rivers,

Till thou turn for grief, as did Niobe, to a marble;
Melt to tears, pour out thy plaints, let Echo reclaim
them,

How Rosamond that loved so dear is left of Alexis.
Now die, die, Rosamond! let men engrave o' thy tomb-
stone,

*Here lies she that loved so dear the youngster Alexis,
Once beloved, forsaken late of faithless Alexis,
Yet Rosamond did die for love, false-hearted Alexis!*

PHILADOR'S ODE

THAT HE LEFT WITH THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

WHEN merry autumn in her prime,
Fruitful mother of swift time,
Had fillèd Ceres' lap with store
Of vines and corn, and mickle more
Such needful fruits as do grow
From Terra's bosom here below;
Tityrus did sigh, and see
With heart's grief and eyes' gree,
Eyes and heart both full of woes,
Where Galate his lover goes.
Her mantle was vermilion red;
A gaudy chaplet on her head,
A chaplet that did shroud the beams
That Phœbus on her beauty streams,
For sun itself desired to see
So fair a nymph as was she,
For, viewing from the east to west
Fair Galate did like him best.
Her face was like to welkin's shine;
Crystal brooks such were her eyne,
And yet within those brooks were fires
That scorched youth and his desires.

Galate did much impair
Venus' honour for her fair;
For stately stepping, Juno's pace,
By Galate did take disgrace;
And Pallas' wisdom bare no prize
Where Galate would show her wise.
This gallant girl thus passeth by,
Where Tityrus did sighing lie,
Sighing sore, for love strains
More than sighs from lovers' veins;
Tears in eye, thought in heart,
Thus his grief he did impart:
'Fair Galate, but glance thine eye;
Here lies he, that here must die,
For love is death, if love not gain
Lover's salve for lover's pain.
Winters seven and more are past,
Since on thy face my thoughts I cast:
When Galate did haunt the plains,
And fed her sheep amongst the swains,
When every shepherd left his flocks
To gaze on Galate's fair locks,
When every eye did stand at gaze,
When heart and thought did both amaze,
When heart from body would asunder,
On Galate's fair face to wonder;
Then amongst them all did I
Catch such a wound, as I must die
If Galate oft say not thus,
'I love the shepherd Tityrus!'
'Tis love, fair nymph, that doth pain
Tityrus, thy truest swain;
True, for none more true can be
Than still to love, and none but thee.
Say, Galate, oft smile and say,
'Twere pity love should have a nay;
But such a word of comfort give,
And Tityrus thy love shall live:

Or with a piercing frown reply,
 I cannot live, and then I die,
 For lover's nay is lover's death,
 And heart-break frowns do stop the breath.
 Galate at this arose,
 And with a smile away she goes,
 As one that little cared to ease
 Tityr, pained with love's disease.
 At her parting, Tityrus
 Sighed amain, and sayèd thus:
 'O, that women are so fair,
 To trap men's eyes in their hair,*
 With beauteous eyes, love's fires,
 Venus' sparks that heat desires!
 But O, that women have such hearts,
 Such thoughts, and such deep-piercing darts,
 As in the beauty of their eye
 Harbour nought but flattery!
 Their tears are drawn that drop deceit,
 Their faces calends of all sleight,
 Their smiles are lures, their looks guile,
 And all their love is but a wile.
 Then, Tityr, leave, leave, Tityrus,
 To love such as scorns you thus;
 And say to love and women both,
 What I liked, now I do loath.'
 With that he hied him to the flocks,
 And counted love but Venus' mocks.

* The haste with which Greene produced his love-pamphlets is betrayed in the frequency of his repetitions. Thus, the hair is repeatedly described as derived from Apollo, and as being the net in which men are entrapped:—

'Apollo, when my mistress first was born,
 Cut off his locks, and left them on her head.'—p. 44.

' ——— like Apollo's locks
 Methought appeared the trammels of her hair.'—p. 71.

'Brightsome Apollo in his richest pomp,
 Was not like to the trammels of her hair.'—p. 103.

'Her amber trammels did my heart dismay.'—p. 71.

'Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair.'—p. 97.

THE SONG

OF A COUNTRY SWAIN AT THE RETURN OF PHILADOR.

THE silent shade had shadowed every tree,
 And Phœbus in the west was shrouded low;
 Each hive had home her busy labouring bee,
 Each bird the harbour of the night did know:

Even then,

When thus

All things did from their weary labour lin,*
 Menalcas sate and thought him of his sin:

His head on hand, his elbow on his knee;
 And tears like dew, be-drenched upon his face,
 His face as sad as any swain's might be;
 His thoughts and dumps befitting well the place;

Even then,

When thus

Menalcas sate in passions all alone,
 He sighèd then, and thus he 'gan to moan.

'I that fed flocks upon Thessalia plains,
 And bade my lambs to feed on daffodil,
 That lived on milk and curds, poor shepherds' gains,
 And merry sate, and piped upon a pleasant hill;

Even then,

When thus

I sate secure, and feared not Fortune's ire,
 Mine eyes eclipsed, fast blinded by desire.

Then lofty thoughts began to lift my mind,
 I grudged and thought my fortune was too low;
 A shepherd's life 'twas base and out of kind,
 The tallest cedars have the fairest grow:

Even then,

When thus

Pride did intend the sequel of my ruth,
 Began the faults and follies of my youth.

* Cease.

I left the fields and took me to the town,
Fold sheep who list, the hook was cast away;
Menalcas would not be a country clown,
Nor shepherd's weeds, but garments far more gay:

Even then,

When thus

Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

My suits were silk, my talk was all of state,
I stretched beyond the compass of my sleeve;
The bravest courtier was Menalcas' mate,
Spend what I would, I never thought on grief:

Even then,

When thus

I lashed out lavish, then began my ruth,
And then I felt the follies of my youth.

I cast mine eye on every wanton face,
And straight desire did hale me on to love;
Then lover-like I prayed for Venus' grace,
That she my mistress' deep affects might move:

Even then,

When thus

Love trapped me in the fatal bands of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

No cost I spared to please my mistress' eye,
No time ill-spent in presence of her sight;
Yet oft she frowned, and then her love must die,
But when she smiled, O then a happy wight!

Even then,

When thus

Desire did draw me on to deem of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

The day in poems often did I pass,
The night in sighs and sorrows for her grace;
And she, as fickle as the brittle glass,
Held sun-shine showers within her flattering face:

Even then,
When thus

I spied the woes that women's loves ensu'th,
I saw and loathe the follies of my youth.

I noted oft that beauty was a blaze,
I saw that love was but a heap of cares ;
That such as stood as deer do at the gaze,*
And sought their wealth amongst affection's tares,

Even such

I saw

With hot pursuit did follow after ruth,
And fostered up the follies of their youth.

Thus clogged with love, with passions, and with grief,
I saw the country life had least molest ;
I felt a wound, and fain would have relief,
And this resolved I thought would fall out best :

Even then,

When thus

I felt my senses almost sold to ruth,
I thought to leave the follies of my youth.

To flocks again ; away the wanton town,
Fond pride avaunt ; give me the shepherd's hook,
A coat of gray, I'll be a country clown ;
Mine eye shall scorn on beauty for to look :

No more

Ado ;

Both pride and love are ever pained with ruth,
Therefore farewell the follies of my youth.†

* A deer was said to stand at gaze when it stared at anything.

† A slight liberty has been taken with this line, by which the measure is adjusted without injury to the sense. In former editions it stands—

‘ And therefore farewell the follies of my youth.’

FROM FAREWELL TO FOLLY.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE LADY MÆSIA.†

HER stature and her shape were passing tall,
 Diana like, when 'longst the lawns she goes;
 A stately pace, like Juno when she braved
 The Queen of love, 'fore Paris in the vale;
 A front beset with love and majesty;
 A face like lovely Venus when she blushed
 A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
 A lip sweet ruby-red graced with delight;
 Her eyes two sparkling stars in winter night,
 When chilling frost doth clear the azured sky;
 Her hairs in tresses twined with threads of silk,
 Hung waving down like Phœbus in his prime;
 Her breasts as white as those two snowy swans
 That draw to Paphos Cupid's smiling dame;
 A foot like Thetis when she tripped the sands
 To steal Neptunus' favour with her steps;
 In fine, a piece despite of beauty framed,
 To see what Nature's cunning could afford.

SONG.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
 The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

* Greene's *Farewell to Folly*. Sent to Courtiers and Scholars as a precedent to wean them from the vain delights that draw youth on to repentance. Sero sed serio. Robert Greene, *Utriusque Academiae in Artibus Magister*. 1591.

† A condensed version of the lines on Silvestro's *Lady*. See *ante*, p. 31.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
 The mean that 'grees with country music best;
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
 Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

LINES TRANSLATED FROM GUAZZO.

HE that appalled with lust would sail in haste to
 Corinthum,
 There to be taught in Lais' school to seek for a mistress,
 Is to be trained in Venus' troop and changed to the
 purpose;
 Rage embraced, but reason quite thrust out as an exile;
 Pleasure a pain, rest turned to be care, and mirth as a
 madness;
 Fiery minds inflamed with a look enraged as Alecto;
 Quaint in array, sighs fetched from far, and tears, many,
 feigned;
 Pensive, sore deep plunged in pain, not a place but his
 heart whole;
 Days in grief and nights consumed to think on a god-
 dess;
 Broken sleeps, sweet dreams, but short fro the night to
 the morning;
 Venus dashed, his mistress' face as bright as Apollo;
 Helena stained, the golden ball wrong-given by the
 shepherd;
 Hairs of gold, eyes twinkling stars, her lips to be rubies;
 Teeth of pearl, her breasts like snow, her cheeks to be
 roses;
 Sugar candy she is, as I guess, fro the waist to the
 kneestead;
 Nought is amiss, no fault were found if soul were
 amended;
 All were bliss if such fond lust led not to repentance.

FROM DANTE.

A MONSTER seated in the midst of men,
 Which, daily fed, is never satiate;
 A hollow gulf of vile ingratitude,
 Which for his food vouchsafes not pay of thanks,
 But still doth claim a debt of due expense.
 From hence doth Venus draw the shape of lust;
 From hence Mars raiseth blood and stratagems.
 The wrack of wealth, the secret foe to life;
 The sword that hasteneth on the date of death;
 The surest friend to physic by disease;
 The pumice that defaceth memory;
 The misty vapour that obscures the light,
 And brightest beams of science' glittering sun,
 And doth eclipse the mind with sluggish thoughts :
 The monster that affords this cursed brood,
 And makes commixture of those dire mishaps,
 Is but a stomach overcharged with meats,
 That takes delight in endless gluttony.

FROM THE GROAT'S WORTH OF WIT.*

LAMILIA'S SONG.

FIE, fie, on blind fancy,
 It hinders youth's joy;
 Fair virgins, learn by me,
 To count love a toy.
 When Love learned first the A B C of delight,
 And knew no figures nor conceited phrase,
 He simply gave to due desert her right,
 He led not lovers in dark winding ways ;

* Greene's *Groat's Worth of Wit*, bought with a million of repentance' Describing the folly of youth, the falsehood of make-shift flatterers the misery of the negligent, and mischiefs of deceiving courtesans :

He plainly willed to love, or flatly answered no,
But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.

Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.

For since he learned to use the poet's pen,
He learned likewise with smoothing words to feign,
Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,
And wrongèd faith with falsehood and disdain.

He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth no;
Who listeth for to prove shall find his changing so.

Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.

VERSES AGAINST ENTICING COURTESANS.

WHAT meant the poets in invective verse
To sing Medea's shame, and Scylla's pride,
Calypso's charms by which so many died?
Only for this their vices they rehearse:
That curious wits which in the world converse,
May shun the dangers and enticing shows
Of such false Sirens, those home-breeding foes,
That from their eyes their venom do disperse.
So soon kills not the basilisk with sight;
The viper's tooth is not so venomous;
The adder's tongue not half so dangerous,
As they that bear the shadow of delight,
Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair,
Till waste brings woe, and sorrow hastes despair.

published at his dying request, and newly corrected, and of many errors purged. *Felicem fuisse infaustum.* 1592.

VERSES.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
 Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
 And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
 T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
 How well are they that die ere they be born,
 And never see thy slights, which few men shun
 Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oft have I sung of love and of his fire;
 But now I find that poet was advised,
 Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
 And proves weak love was with the poor despised;
 For when the life with food is not sufficed,
 What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
 What pleasance can proceed from such a wight

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit:
 My ravished sense, of wonted fury reft,
 Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
 Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
 But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
 Because so long they lent them me to use,
 And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O that a year were granted me to live,
 And for that year my former wits restored!
 What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
 How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
 But I must die of every man abhorred:
 Time loosely spent will not again be won;
 My time is loosely spent, and I undone.*

* These verses derive additional pathos from the circumstance of having been written in Greene's last illness. The preceding piece, and that which follows, also have reference to his own life.

A CONCEITED FABLE OF THE OLD COMEDIAN
ÆSOP.

AN ant and a grasshopper, walking together on a green, the one carelessly skipping, the other carefully prying what winter's provision was scattered in the way; the grasshopper scorning (as wantons will) this needless thrift, as he termed it, reproved him thus;

The greedy miser thirsteth still for gain;
His thrift is theft, his weal works others woe:
That fool is fond which will in caves remain,
When 'mongst fair sweets he may at pleasure go.

To this, the ant, perceiving the grasshopper's meaning, quickly replied;

The thrifty husband spares what unthrifths spends,
His thrift no theft, for dangers to provide;
Trust to thyself; small hope in want yield friends:
A cave is better than the deserts wide.

In short time these two parted, the one to his pleasure, the other to his labour. Anon harvest grew on, and reft from the grasshopper his wonted moisture. Then weakly skips he to the meadows' brinks, where till fell winter he abode. But storms continually pouring, he went for succour to the ant, his old acquaintance, to whom he had scarce discovered his estate, but the little worm made this reply;

Pack hence, quoth he, thou idle, lazy worm;
My house doth harbour no unthrifty mates:
Thou scorn'd'st to toil, and now thou feel'st the storm,
And starv'st for food, while I am fed with cates:
Use no entreats, I will relentless rest,
For toiling labour hates an idle guest.

The grasshopper, foodless, helpless, and strengthless, got into the next brook, and in the yielding sand digged himself a pit: by which likewise he engraved this epitaph;

When spring's green prime arrayed me with delight,
 And every power with youthful vigour filled,
 Gave strength to work whatever fancy willed,
 I never feared the force of winter's spite.

When first I saw the sun the day begin,
 And dry the morning's tears from herbs and grass,
 I little thought his cheerful light would pass,
 Till ugly night with darkness entered in;
 And then day lost I mourned, spring past I wailed;
 But neither tears for this or that availed.

Then too, too late, I praised the emmet's pain,
 That sought in spring a harbour 'gainst the heat,
 And in the harvest gathered winter's meat,
 Perceiving famine, frosts, and stormy rain.

My wretched end may warn green springing youth
 To use delights, as toys that will deceive,
 And scorn the world, before the world them leave,
 For all world's trust is ruin without ruth.

 Then blest are they that, like the toiling ant,
 Provide in time 'gainst woeful winter's want.

With this the grasshopper, yielding to the weather's
 extremity, died comfortless without remedy.

FROM CICERONIS AMOR.*

VERSES.

WHEN gods had framed the sweet of women's face,
 And locked men's looks within their golden hair,
 That Phœbus blushed to see their matchless grace,
 And heavenly gods on earth did make repair;

* *Ciceronis Amor*. Tully's Love. Wherein is discoursed the prime of Cicero's youth, setting out in lively pourtraictures how young gentlemen that aim at honor should level the end of their affections, holding the love of country and friends in more esteem than those fading blossoms of beauty, that only feed the curious survey of the eye. A work full of pleasure as following Cicero's vein, who was as conceited

To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
 Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.
 Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow ;
 The amber sweet of love is turned to gall ;
 Gloomy was heaven ; bright Phœbus did avow
 He could be coy, and would not love at all,
 Swearing, no greater mischief could be wrought
 Than love united to a jealous thought.

VERSUS.

VITA quæ tandem magis est jucunda,
 Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
 Mente quam pura sociam jugalem
 Semper amare?

Vita quæ tandem magis est dolenda,
 Vel magis cunctis fugienda, quam quæ,
 Falso suspecta probitate amicæ,
 Tollit amorem?

Nulla eam tollit medicina pestem,
 Murmura, emplastrum, vel imago sagæ,
 Astra nec curant, magicæ nec artes,
 Zelotypiam.

SONG.

MARS in a fury 'gainst love's brightest queen,
 Put on his helm, and took him to his lance ;
 On Erycinus' mount was Mavors seen,
 And there his ensigns did the god advance,
 And by heaven's greatest gates he stoutly swore,
 Venus should die for she had wronged him sore.
 Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
 And wished his mother's absence for a while :
 'Peace, fool,' quoth Venus, 'is it I must die?
 Must it be Mars?' with that she coined a smile ;

in his youth, as grave in his age ; profitable, as containing precepts worthy so famous an orator. Robert Greene, in *Artibus Magister*.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. 1589.

She trimmed her tresses, and did curl her hair,
And made her face with beauty passing fair.

A fan of silver feathers in her hand,
And in a coach of ebony she went;
She passed the place where furious Mars did stand,
And out her looks a lovely smile she sent;
Then from her brows leaped out so sharp a frown,
That Mars for fear threw all his armour down.

He vowed repentance for his rash misdeed,
Blaming his choler that had caused his woe:
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But charged him not to threaten beauty so,
For women's looks are such enchanting charms,
As can subdue the greatest god in arms.

ROUNDELAY.

FOND, feigning poets make of love a god,
And leave the laurel for the myrtle boughs,
When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
And fair Diana Daphne most allows:
I'll wear the bays, and call the wag a boy,
And think of love but as a foolish toy.

Some give him bow and quiver at his back,
Some make him blind to aim without advice,
When, naked wretch, such feathered bolts he lack,
And sight he hath, but cannot wrong the wise;
For use but labour's weapon for defence,
And Cupid, like a coward, flieth thence.

He's god in court, but cottage calls him child,
And Vesta's virgins with their holy fires
Do cleanse the thoughts that fancy hath defiled,
And burn the palace of his fond desires;
With chaste disdain they scorn the foolish god,
And prove him but a boy not past the rod.

LENTULUS'S DESCRIPTION OF TERENCE IN
LATIN.

QUALIS in aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit :
Lumina seu spectes radiantia, sive capillos,
Lux, Ariadne, tua, et lux tua, Phœbe, jacet.
Venustata fuit verbis, spirabat odorem ;
Musica vox, nardus spiritus almus erat ;
Rubea labra, genæ rubræ, faciesque decora,
In qua concertant lilius atque rosa ;
Luxuriant geminæ formoso in pectore mammæ
Circundant nivie candida colla comæ ;
Denique talis erat divina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes, Juno, Minerva, Venus.

THUS IN ENGLISH.

BRIGHTSOME Apollo in his richest pomp,
Was not like to the trammels of her hair ;
Her eyes, like Ariadne's sparkling stars,
Shone from the ebon arches of her brows ;
Her face was like the blushing of the east,
When Titan charged the morning sun to rise ;
Her cheeks, rich strewed with roses and with white,
Did stain the glory of Anchises' love ;
Her silver teats did ebb and flow delight ;
Her neck columns of polished ivory ;
Her breath was perfumes made of violets ;
And all this heaven was but Terentia.

THE SHEPHERD'S ODE.

WALKING in a valley green,
Spread with Flora, summer queen,
Where she heaping all her graces,
Niggard seemed in other places ;

Spring it was, and here did spring
All that nature forth can bring.
Groves of pleasant trees there grow,
Which fruit and shadow could bestow :
Thick-leaved boughs small birds cover,
Till sweet notes themselves discover ;
Tunes for number seemed confounded,
Whilst their mixtures music sounded,
'Greeing well, yet not agreed
That one the other should exceed.
A sweet stream here silent glides,
Whose clear water no fish hides ;
Slow it runs, which well bewrayed
The pleasant shore the current stayed.
In this stream a rock was planted,
Where no art nor nature wanted.
Each thing so did other grace,
As all places may give place ;
Only this the place of pleasure,
Where is heapèd nature's treasure.
Here mine eyes with wonder stayed,
Eyes amazed, and mind afraid,
Ravished with what was beheld,
From departing were withheld.
Musing then with sound advice
On this earthly paradise ;
Sitting by the river side,
Lovely Phillis was descried.
Gold her hair, bright her eyne,
Like to Phœbus in his shine ;
White her brow, her face was fair ;
Amber breath perfumed the air ;
Rose and lily both did seek
To show their glories on her cheek ;
Love did nestle in her looks,
Baiting there his sharpest hooks.
Such a Phillis ne'er was seen,
More beautiful than love's queen :

Doubt it was, whose greater grace,
Phillis' beauty, or the place.
Her coat was of scarlet red,
All in pleats ; a mantle spread,
Fringed with gold ; a wreath of boughs,
To check the sun from her brows ;
In her hand a shepherd's hook,
In her face Diana's look.
Her sheep grazèd on the plains ;
She had stolen from the swains ;
Under a cool silent shade,
By the streams she garlands made :
Thus sat Phillis all alone.
Missed she was by Coridon,
Chiefest swain of all the rest ;
Lovely Phillis liked him best.
His face was like Phœbus' love ;
His neck white as Venus' dove ;
A ruddy cheek, filled with smiles,
Such Love hath when he beguiles ;
His locks brown, his eyes were gray,
Like Titan in a summer day :
A russet jacket, sleeves red ;
A blue bonnet on his head ;
A cloak of gray fenced the rain ;
Thus 'tirèd was this lovely swain ;
A shepherd's hook, his dog tied
Bag and bottle by his side :
Such was Paris, shepherds say,
When with CEnone he did play.
From his flock strayed Coridon
Spying Phillis all alone ;
By the stream he Phillis spied,
Braver than was Flora's pride.
Down the valley 'gan he track,
Stole behind his true love's back ;
The sun shone, and shadow made,
Phillis rose and was afraid ;

When she saw her lover there,
 Smile she did, and left her fear.
 Cupid, that disdain doth loathe,
 With desire strake them both.
 The swain did woo; she was nice,
 Following fashion, nayed him twice:
 Much ado, he kissed her then;
 Maidens blush when they kiss men;
 So did Phillis at that stowre;
 Her face was like the rose flower.
 Last they 'greed, for love would so,
 'Faith and troth they would no mo;
 For shepherds ever held it sin,
 To false the love they livèd in.
 The swain gave a girdle red;
 She set garlands on his head:
 Gifts were given; they kiss again;
 Both did smile, for both were fain.
 Thus was love 'mongst shepherds sold,
 When fancy knew not what was gold:
 They wooed and vowed, and that they keep,
 And go contented to their sheep.

FROM PHILOMELA.*

PHILOMELA'S ODE THAT SHE SANG IN HER
ARBOUR.

SITTING by a river's side,
 Where a silent stream did glide,
 Muse I did of many things,
 That the mind in quiet brings.

* *Philomela, the Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale.* By Robert Greene, Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio. 1592.

I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content,
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none, like to a friend.
Others hold, there is no wealth
Comparèd to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands:
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall,
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind,
As true love with kisses kind:
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No sweet love but honesty.

PHILOMELA'S SECOND ODE.

IT was frosty winter season,
And fair Flora's wealth was geason.

Meads that erst with green were spread,
With choice flowers diap' red,
Had tawny veils; cold had scant
What the springs and nature planted.
Leafless boughs there might you see,
All except fair Daphne's tree:
On their twigs no birds perched;
Warmer coverts now they searched;
And by nature's secret reason,
Framed their voices to the season,
With their feeble tunes bewraying,
How they grieved the spring's decaying.
Frosty winter thus had gloomed
Each fair thing that summer bloomed;
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,
Flowers withered, birds were sad:
When I saw a shepherd fold
Sheep in cote, to shun the cold.
Himself sitting on the grass,
That with frost withered was,
Sighing deeply, thus 'gan say:
'Love is folly when astray:
Like to love no passion such,
For 'tis madness, if too much;
If too little, then despair;
If too high, he beats the air
With bootless cries; if too low,
An eagle matcheth with a crow:
Thence grow jars. Thus I find,
Love is folly, if unkind;
Yet do men most desire
To be heated with this fire,
Whose flame is so pleasing hot,
That they burn, yet feel it not.
Yet hath love another kind,
Worse than these unto the mind;
That is, when a wanton's eye
Leads desire clean awry,

And with the bee doth rejoice
 Every minute to change choice,
 Counting he were then in bliss,
 If that each fair fall were his.
 Highly thus is love disgraced,
 When the lover is unchaste,
 And would taste of fruit forbidden,
 'Cause the scape is easily hidden.
 Though such love be sweet in brewing,
 Bitter is the end ensuing;
 For the humour of love he shameth,
 And himself with lust defameth;
 For a minute's pleasure gaining,
 Fame and honour ever staining.
 Gazing thus so far awry,
 Last the chip falls in his eye;
 Then it burns that erst but heat him,
 And his own rod 'gins to beat him;
 His choicest sweets turn to gall;
 He finds lust his sin's thrall;
 That wanton women in their eyes
 Men's deceivings do comprise;
 That homage done to fair faces
 Doth dishonour other graces.
 If lawless love be such a sin,
 Cursed is he that lives therein,
 For the gain of Venus' game
 Is the downfall unto shame.'
 Here he paused, and did stay;
 Sighed and rose, and went away.

SONNET.

ON women nature did bestow two eyes, [shining,
 Like heaven's bright lamps, in matchless beauty
 Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise,
 And wary heads, made rare by art's refining.
 But why did nature, in her choice combining,

Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face,
 That they might favour two with equal grace?
 Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye,
 With th' other granted Mars his wishèd glee:
 If she did so whom Hymen did defy,
 Think love no sin, but grant an eye to me;
 In vain else nature gave two stars to thee:
 If then two eyes may well two friends maintain,
 Allow of two, and prove not nature vain.

ANSWER.

NATURE foreseeing how men would devise
 More wiles than Proteus, women to entice,
 Granted them two, and those bright-shining eyes,
 To pierce into man's faults if they were wise;
 For they with show of virtue mask their vice:
 Therefore to women's eyes belong these gifts,
 The one must love, the other see men's shifts.

Both these await upon one simple heart,
 And what they choose, it hides up without change.
 The emerald will not with his portrait part,
 Nor will a woman's thoughts delight to range;
 They hold it bad to have so base exchange: [him,
 One heart, one friend, though that two eyes do choose
 No more but one, and heart will never lose him.

AN ODE.

WHAT is love once disgraced,
 But a wanton thought ill placed?
 Which doth blemish whom it paineth,
 And dishonours whom it deigneth;
 Seen in higher powers most,
 Though some fools do fondly boast,

That whoso is high of kin
 Sanctifies his lover's sin.
 Jove could not hide Io's scape,
 Nor conceal Calisto's rape:
 Both did fault, and both were framed
 Light of loves, whom lust had shamed.
 Let not women trust to men;
 They can flatter now and then,
 And tell them many wanton tales,
 Which do breed their after bales.
 Sin in kings is sin, we see,
 And greater sin, 'cause great of 'gree:
Majus peccatum, this I read,
 If he be high that doth the deed.
 Mars, for all his deity,
 Could not Venus dignify,
 But Vulcan trapped her, and her blame
 Was punished with an open shame:
 All the gods laughed them to scorn
 For dubbing Vulcan with the horn.
 Whereon may a woman boast,
 If her chastity be lost?
 Shame awaiteth on her face,
 Blushing cheeks and foul disgrace:
 Report will blab,—This is she
 That with her lust wins infamy.
 If lusting love be so disgraced,
 Die before you live unchaste;
 For better die with honest fame,
 Than lead a wanton life with shame.*

* This piece is, in a great measure, a repetition of Philomela's Second Ode, *ante*, p. 107. Some of the lines are nearly identical, and the subject, differently treated, is pretty much the same throughout. They are both homilies on the theme laid down in the previous ode:—

' Highly thus is love disgraced,
 When the lover is unchaste.'

FROM MAMILLIA. SECOND PART.*

VERSES AGAINST THE GENTLEWOMEN OF
SICILIA.

SINCE lady mild, too base in array, hath lived as an
 exile,
 None of account but stout: if plain, stale slut, not a
 courtress.
 Dames now a days, fie none, if not new guised in all
 points.
 Fancies fine, sauced with conceits, quick wits very wily,
 Words of a saint, but deeds guess how, feigned faith to
 deceive men,
 Courtsies coy, no vail, but a vaunt, tricked up like a
 Tuscan,
 Paced in print, brave lofty looks, not used with the
 vestals,
 In hearts too glorious, not a glance but fit for an
 empress,
 As minds most valorous, so strange in array, marry,
 stately.
 Up fro the waist like a man, new guise to be cased in
 a doublet,
 Down to the foot perhaps like a maid, but hosed to the
 kneestead,
 Some close breeched to the crotch for cold, tush, peace
 'tis a shame, sir.
 Hairs by birth as black as jet; what? art can amend
 them;

* *Mamillia*. The Second Part of the Triumph of Pallas; wherein
 with perpetual fame the constancy of gentlewomen is canonized, and
 the unjust blasphemies of women's supposed fickleness, breathed out
 by divers injurious persons, by manifest examples clearly infringed.
 By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. 1593.—The first
 part of *Mamillia* was published in 1583, and was the earliest of
 Greene's printed works.

A perriwig frowned* fast to the front, or curled with
 a bodkin,
 Hats fro France, thick purled† for pride and plumed
 like a peacock,
 Ruffs of a size, stiff-starched to the neck, of lawn,
 marry, lawless,
 Gowns of silk; why those be too bad, side wide with a
 witness,
 Small and gent i' the waist, but backs as broad as a
 burgess,
 Needless noughts, as crisps and scarfs, worn a la
 morisco,
 Fumed with sweets, as sweet as chaste, no want but
 abundance.

FROM THE ORPHARION.‡

ORPHEUS' SONG.

HE that did sing the motions of the stars,
 Pale-coloured Phœbe's borrowing of her light,
 Aspects of planets oft opposed in jars,
 Of Hesper, henchman to the day and night;
 Sings now of love, as taught by proof to sing,
 Women are false, and love a bitter thing.

* Puckered or gathered; also, flounced, wrinkled.

† Fringed, or ornamented with a rich border.

‡ Greene's *Orpharion*. Wherein is discovered a musical concord of pleasant histories, many sweet moods graced with such harmonious discords as agreeing in a delightful close, they sound both pleasure and profit to the ear. Herein also as in a Diatheeron, the branches of virtue ascending and descending by degrees, are co-united in the glorious praise of woman-kind. With divers tragical and comical histories presented by Orpheus and Arion, being as full of profit as of pleasure. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. Robertus Greene, in *Artibus Magister*. 1599.

I loved Eurydice, the brightest lass,
 More fond to like so fair a nymph as she;
 In Thessaly so bright none ever was,
 But fair and constant hardly may agree:
 False-hearted wife to him that loved thee well,
 To leave thy love, and choose the prince of hell!

Theseus did help, and I in haste did hie
 To Pluto, for the lass I lovèd so:
 The god made grant, and who so glad as I?
 I tuned my harp, and she and I 'gan go;
 Glad that my love was left to me alone,
 I lookèd back, Eurydice was gone:

She slipped aside, back to her latest love,
 Unkind, she wronged her first and truest feere!
 Thus women's loves delight, as trial proves
 By false Eurydice I loved so dear,
 To change and fleet, and every way to shrink,
 To take in love, and lose it with a wink.

THE SONG OF ARION.

SEATED upon the crooked dolphin's back,
 Scudding amidst the purple-coloured waves,
 Gazing aloof for land; Neptune in black,
 Attended with the Tritons as his slaves,
 Threw forth such storms as made the air thick,
 For grief his lady Thetis was so sick.

Such plaints he throbbed, as made the dolphin stay:
 Women, quoth he, are harbours of man's health,
 Pleasures for night, and comforts for the day;
 What are fair women but rich nature's wealth?
 Thetis is such, and more if more may be;
 Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

Women are sweets that salve men's sourest ills;
 Women are saints, their virtues are so rare;
 Obedient souls that seek to please men's wills;
 Such love with faith, such jewels women are:
 Thetis is such, and more if more may be;
 Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

With that he dived into the coral waves,
 To see his love, with all his watery slaves:
 The dolphin swam; yet this I learnèd then,
 Fair women are rich jewels unto men.

 SONNET.

CUPID abroad was lated in the night,
 His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
 Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
 To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
 I oped the door, and granted his desire,
 I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
 I spied his quiver hanging by his back:
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
 I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
 But what I drad, did me poor wretch betide,
 For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start,
 A pleasing wound, but that it was too high;
 His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared smart;
 Away he flew, for why his wings were dry;
 But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
 That sore I grieved I welcomed such a guest.*

* This sonnet, extended by the addition of an introductory stanza, will be found repeated, with a few verbal alterations, in a madrigal, *post*, p. 123.

FROM PENELOPE'S WEB.*

SONNET FROM ARIOSTO.

THE sweet content that quiets angry thought,
 The pleasing sound of household harmony,
 The physic that allays what fury wrought,
 The huswife's means to make true melody,
 Is not with simple, harp, or worldly pelf,
 But smoothly by submitting of herself.

Juno, the queen and mistress of the sky,
 When angry Jove did threat her with a frown,
 Caused Ganymede for nectar fast to hie,
 With pleasing face to wash such choler down;
 For angry husbands find the soonest ease,
 When sweet submission choler doth appease.

The laurel that impales the head with praise,
 The gem that decks the breast of ivory,
 The pearl that's orient in her silver rays,
 The crown that honours dames with dignity;
 No sapphire, gold, green bays, nor margarite,
 But due obedience worketh this delight.

BARMENISSA'S SONG.

THE stately state that wise men count their good,
 The chiefest bliss that lulls asleep desire,
 Is not descent from kings and princely blood,
 Ne stately crown ambition doth require;

* *Penelope's Web.* Where, in a crystal mirror of feminine perfection represents to the view of every one, those virtues and graces which more curiously beautify the mind of women than either sumptuous apparel, or jewels of inestimable value; the one buying fame with honour, the other breeding a kind of delight, but with repentance. In three several discourses also are three special virtues, necessary to be

For birth by fortune is abasèd down,
And perils are comprised within a crown.

The sceptre and the glittering pomp of mace,
The head impaled with honour and renown,
The kingly throne, the seat and regal place,
Are toys that fade when angry fortune frown :
Content is far from such delights as those,
Whom woe and danger do envy as foes.

The cottage seated in the hollow dale,
That fortune never fears because so low,
The quiet mind that want doth set to sale,
Sleeps safe when princes seats do overthrow :
Want smiles secure, when princely thoughts do feel
That fear and danger tread upon their heel.

Bless fortune thou whose frown hath wrought thy good,
Bid farewell to the crown that ends thy care ;
The happy fates thy sorrows have withstood
By 'signing want and poverty thy share :
For now content, fond fortune to despite,
With patience 'lows thee quiet and delight.

VERSES.

A SPIRING thoughts led Phaeton amiss ;
Proud Icarus did fall, he soared so high ;
Seek not to climb with fond Semiramis,
Lest son revenge the father's injury :
Take heed, ambition is a sugared ill,
That fortune lays, presumptuous minds to spill.

incident in every virtuous woman, pithily discussed; namely, obedience, chastity, and silence; interlaced with three several and comical histories. By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. 1601.

The bitter grief that frets the quiet mind,
 The sting that pricks the froward man to woe,
 Is envy, which in honour seld we find,
 And yet to honour sworn a secret foe:
 Learn this of me, envy not others' state;
 The fruits of envy are envy and hate.

The misty cloud that so eclipseth fame,
 That gets reward a chaos of despite,
 Is black revenge, which ever winneth shame,
 A fury vile that's hatchèd in the night:
 Beware, seek not revenge against thy foe,
 Lest once revenge thy fortune overgo.

These blazing comets do foreshow mishap;
 Let not the flaming lights offend thine eye:
 Look ere thou leap, prevent an after clap;
 These three forewarned well may'st thou fly:
 If now by choice thou aim'st at happy health,
 Eschew self-love, choose for the common-wealth.

FROM ARBASTO.*

SONG.

WHEREAT erewhile I wept, I laugh;
 That which I feared, I now despise;
 My victor once, my vassal is;
 My foe constrained, my weal supplies:
 Thus do I triumph on my foe;
 I weep at weal, I laugh at woe.

* *The History of Arbasto, King of Denmark.* Describing the anatomy of Foriune, in his love to fair Doralicia. Wherein gentlemen may find pleasant conceits to purge melancholy, and perfect

My care is cured, yet hath no end ;
 Not that I want, but that I have ;
 My charge was change, yet still I stay ;
 I would have less, and yet I crave :
 Ah me, poor wretch, that thus do live,
 Constrained to take, yet forced to give!

She whose delights are signs of death,
 Who when she smiles, begins to lour,
 Constant in this that still she change,
 Her sweetest gifts time proves but sour :
 I live in care, crossed with her guile ;
 Through her I weep, at her I smile.

 SONG.

IN time we see the silver drops
 The craggy stones make soft ;
 The slowest snail in time we see
 Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
 In tract of time doth fall ;
 The hardest heart in time doth yield
 To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
 There flasheth now a fire ;
 Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
 There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap :
 What care in time not eased ?
 In time I loathed that now I love,
 In both content and pleased.

FROM ALCIDA.*

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF VENUS,
HOLDING THE BALL THAT BROUGHT TROY TO RUIN.

WHEN Nature forged the fair unhappy mould,
Wherein proud beauty took her matchless shape,
She over-slipped her cunning and her skill,
And aimed too fair, but drew beyond the mark;
For thinking to have made a heavenly bliss,
For wanton gods to dally with in heaven,
And to have framed a precious gem for men,
To solace all their dumpish thoughts with glee,
She wrought a plague, a poison, and a hell:
For gods, for men, thus no way wrought she well.
Venus was fair, fair was the queen of love,
Fairer than Pallas, or the wife of Jove:
Yet did the giglot's beauty grieve the smith,
For that she braved the cripple with a horn.
Mars said, her beauty was the star of heaven,
Yet did her beauty stain him with disgrace.
Paris, for fair, gave her the golden ball,
And bought his and his father's ruin so.
Thus Nature making what should far excel,
Lent gods and men a poison and a hell.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A PEACOCK.

THE bird of Juno glories in his plumes;
Pride makes the fowl to prune his feathers so.
His spotted train, fetched from old Argus' head,
With golden rays like to the brightest sun,

* *Alcida*. Greene's *Metamorphosis*. Wherein is discovered a pleasant transformation of bodies into sundry shapes, showing that as virtues beautify the mind, so vanities give greater stains than the

Inserteth self-love in a silly bird,
Till, midst his hot and glorious fumes,
He spies his feet, and then lets fall his plumes.
Beauty breeds pride, pride hatcheth forth disdain,
Disdain gets hate, and hate calls for revenge,
Revenge with bitter prayers urgeth still ;
Thus self-love, nursing up the pomp of pride,
Makes beauty wrack against an ebbing tide.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A CARVING OF MERCURY, THROWING
FEATHERS UNTO THE WIND.

THE richest gift the wealthy heaven affords,
The pearl of price sent from immortal Jove,
The shape wherein we most resemble gods,
The fire Prometheus stole from lofty skies ;
This gift, this pearl, this shape, this fire is it,
Which makes us men bold by the name of wit.
By wit we search divine aspect above,
By wit we learn what secret science yields,
By wit we speak, by wit the mind is ruled,
By wit we govern all our actions :
Wit is the load-star of each human thought,
Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought.
The brightest jacinth hot becometh dark,
Of little 'steem is crystal being cracked,
Fine heads that can conceit no good but ill,
Forge oft that breedeth ruin to themselves :
Ripe wits abused that build on bad desire,
Do burn themselves, like flies within the fire.

perfection of any quality can rase out ; the Discourse confirmed with
divers merry and delightful histories ; full of grave principles to
content age, and sauced with pleasant parlees and witty answers to
satisfy youth ; profitable for both, and not offensive to any. By
R. G. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. 1617.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A CARVING OF CUPID, BLOWING BLADDERS
IN THE AIR.

LOVE is a lock that linketh noble minds,
Faith is the key that shuts the spring of love,
Lightness a wrest that wringeth all awry,
Lightness a plague that fancy cannot brook :
Lightness in love so bad and base a thing,
As foul disgrace to greatest states do bring.

VERSES WRITTEN ON TWO TABLES AT A TOMB.

ON THE FIRST TABLE.

THE Graces in their glory never gave
A rich or greater good to womankind,
That more impales their honours with the palm
Of high renown, than matchless constancy.
Beauty is vain, accounted but a flower,
Whose painted hue fades with the summer sun ;
Wit oft hath wrack by self-conceit of pride ;
Riches are trash that fortune boasteth on.
Constant in love who tries a woman's mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

ON THE SECOND TABLE.

THE fairest gem, oft blemished with a crack,
Loseth his beauty and his virtue too ;
The fairest flower, nipt with the winter's frost,
In show seems worser than the basest weed ;
Virtues are oft far over-stained with faults.
Were she as fair as Phœbe in her sphere,
Or brighter than the paramour of Mars,
Wiser than Pallas, daughter unto Jove,

Of greater majesty than Juno was,
More chaste than Vesta, goddess of the maids,
Of greater faith than fair Lucretia;
Be she a blab, and tattles what she hears,
Want to be secret gives far greater stains
Than virtue's glory which in her remains.

MADRIGAL.

REST thee, desire, gaze not at such a star;
Sweet fancy, sleep; love, take a nap a while;
My busy thoughts that reach and roam so far,
With pleasant dreams the length of time beguile;
Fair Venus, cool my over-heated breast,
And let my fancy take her wonted rest.

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
My door I oped, to grant him his desire,
And rose myself to make the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging at his back:
I feared the child might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
And what I drad, poor man, did me betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, that I began to start;
The wound was sweet, but that it was too high,
And yet the pleasure had a pleasing smart:
This done, he flies away, his wings were dry,
But left his arrow still within my breast,
That now I grieve I welcomed such a guest.

FRAGMENTS QUOTED IN ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS.

HE that will stop the brook, must then begin
 When summer's heat hath drièd up the spring,
 And when his pittering streams are low and thin;
 For let the winter aid unto them bring,
 He grows to be of watery floods the king;
 And though you dam him up with lofty ranks,
 Yet will he quickly overflow his banks.

VERSES.

IT was the month, in which the righteous maid,
 That for disdain of sinful world's upbraid,
 Fled back to heaven, where she was first conceived,
 Into her silver bower the sun received;
 And the hot Sirian dog, on him awaiting,
 After the chafèd Lion's cruel baiting,
 Corrupted had the air with noisome breath,
 And poured on earth, plague, pestilence, and death.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR
 CHRISTOPHER HATTON, KNIGHT, LATE LORD CHAN-
 CELLOR OF ENGLAND.

[THIS piece is now published for the first time in a collected Edition of Greene's Poems. It was discovered by Mr. James P. Reardon in the course of some researches he was making for a life of Nash, and was printed by that gentleman with a short introduction amongst the Shakspeare Society's Papers, II. 127. Until it came into the possession of Mr. Reardon its existence was unknown. No such poem is mentioned by Hazlewood or Beloe. The copy from which the

text is taken Mr. Reardon describes as a quarto of ten leaves in Roman letter. It was printed by Thomas Scarlet for Thomas Nelson, in 1591, apparently soon after the death of Sir Christopher Hatton, which took place on the 20th September in that year.

Sir Christopher Hatton was raised by Queen Elizabeth to the office of Lord Chancellor in 1587, an appointment which occasioned much jealousy, being purely an exercise of favouritism on the part of the sovereign, as Sir Christopher was not qualified for the position by previous study or experience. It is said, however, that owing to his prudence in taking counsel of others, Sir Christopher's decisions were seldom reversed. He enjoyed his high station only four years, and, according to his biographers, died of a broken heart, in consequence of the rigour with which the queen insisted upon the repayment of an old debt. Mr. Reardon observes that Greene, in the dedication of the poem to the wife of the chancellor's nephew, 'refers covertly, but interestingly, to the painful circumstances under which Sir Christopher Hatton died, and to the silence of distinguished poets on the occasion, although some 'mechanical wits,' whose effusions have not survived, had, according to Greene, adopted the event as a theme.]

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, BOUNTIFUL, AND VIRTUOUS LADY,
THE LADY ELIZABETH HATTON, WIFE TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR WILLIAM HATTON, KNIGHT, INCREASE OF ALL HONOURABLE VIRTUES.

MOURNING as well as many (right worshipful lady) for the loss of the right honourable your deceased uncle, whose death being the common prejudice of a present age, was lamented of most (if not all), and I among the rest sorrowing that my country was deprived of him that lived not for himself, but for his country, I began to call to mind what a subject was ministered to the excellent wits of both Universities to work upon, when so worthy a knight, and so virtuous a justiciary, had by his death left many memorable actions performed in his life, deserving highly by some rare men to be registered. Passing over many days in this muse, at last I perceived men's humours slept, that love of many friends

followed no farther than their graves, that art was grown idle, and either choice scholars feared to write of so high a subject as his virtues, or else they dated their devotions no further than his life. While thus I debated with myself, I might see (to the great disgrace of the poets of our time) some mechanical wits blow up mountains and bring forth mice, who with their follies did rather disparage his honours than decypher his virtues; beside, as *virtutis comes est invidia*, so base report, who hath her tongue blistered by slanderous envy, began, as far as she durst, now after his death, to murmur, who in his lifetime durst not once mutter: whereupon, touched with a zealous jealousy over his wonderful virtues, I could not, whatsoever discredit I reaped by my presumption, although I did *tenui avena meditari*, but discover the honourable qualities of so worthy a councillor, not for any private benefit I ever had of him which should induce me favourably to flatter his worthy parts, but only that I shame to let slip with silence the virtues and honours of so worthy a knight, whose deserts had been so many and so great towards all. Therefore (right worshipful lady) I drew a fiction called *A Maiden's Dream*, which, as it was *enigmatical*, so it is not without some special and considerate reasons. Whose slender muse I present unto your ladyship, induced thereunto, first, that I know you are a partaker of your husband's sorrows for the death of his honourable uncle, and desire to hear his honours put in memory after his death, as you wished his advancement in virtues to be great in his life; as also that I am your ladyship's poor countryman, and have long time desired to gratify your right worshipful father with something worthy of himself. Which because I could not to my content perform, I have now taken opportunity to show my duty to him in his daughter, although the gift be far too mean for so worshipful and virtuous a lady. Yet hoping your ladyship will with courtesy favour my presuming follies, and in gracious acceptance vouch of my well-meant labours,

I humbly take my leave,

Your Ladyship's humbly at command,

R. GREENE, *Nordivicensis*.

METHOUGHT in slumber as I lay and dreamt,
 I saw a silent spring railed in with jeat,
 From sunny shade or murmur quite exempt,
 The glide whereof 'gainst weeping flints did beat;
 And round about were leafless beeches set;

So dark it seemed night's mantle for to borrow,
And well to be the gloomy den of sorrow.

About this spring, in mourning robes of black,
Were sundry nymphs or goddesses, methought,
That seemly sat in ranks, just back to back,
On mossy benches nature there had wrought:
And 'cause the wind and spring no murmur brought,
They filled the air with such laments and groans,
That Echo sighed out their heart-breaking moans.

Elbow on knee, and head upon their hand,
As mourners sit, so sat these ladies all.
Garlands of ebon boughs, whereon did stand
A golden crown, their mantles were of pall,
And from their watery eyes warm tears did fall;
With wringing hands they sat and sighed, like those
That had more grief than well they could disclose.

I looked about, and by the fount I spied
A knight lie dead, yet all in armour clad,
Booted and spurred, a faulchion by his side;
A crown of olives on his helm he had,
As if in peace and war he were adrad:
A golden hind was placèd at his feet,
Whose veiled ears bewrayed her inward greet.

She seemèd wounded by her panting breath,
Her beating breast with sighs did fall and rise:
Wounds there were none; it was her master's death
That drew electrum from her weeping eyes.
Like scalding smoke her braying throbs outflies:
As deer do mourn when arrow hath them galled,
So was this hind with heart-sick pains enthralled.

Just at his head there sat a sumptuous queen:
I guessed her so, for why, she wore a crown;
Yet were her garments parted white and green,
'Tired like unto the picture of renown.
Upon her lap she laid his head adown;

Unlike to all she smilèd on his face,
Which made me long to know this dead man's
case.

As thus I looked, 'gan Justice to arise :
I knew the goddess by her equal beam ;
And dewing on his face balm from her eyes,
She wet his visage with a yearnful stream.
Sad, mournful looks did from her arches gleam,
And like to one whom sorrow deep attaints,
With heavèd hands she poureth forth these plaints.

THE COMPLAINT OF JUSTICE.

Untoward Twins that tempers human fate,
Who from your distaff draws the life of man,
Parce, impartial to the highest state,
Too soon you cut what Clotho erst began :
Your fatal dooms this present age may ban ;
For you have robbed the world of such a knight
As best could skill to balance justice right.

His eyes were seats for mercy and for law,
Favour in one, and Justice in the other ;
The poor he smoothed, the proud he kept in awe ;
And just to strangers as unto his brother.
Bribes could not make him any wrong to smother,
For to a lord, or to the lowest groom,
Still conscience and the law set down the doom.

Delaying law, that picks the client's purse,
Ne could this knight abide to hear debated
From day to day (that claims the poor man's
curse)

Nor might the pleas be over-long dilated :
Much shifts of law there was by him abated.
With conscience carefully he heard the cause,
Then gave his doom with short despatch of laws.

'The poor man's cry he thought a holy knell;
 No sooner 'gan their suits to pierce his ears
 But fair-eyed pity in his heart did dwell,
 And like a father that affection bears,
 So tendered he the poor with inward tears,
 And did redress their wrongs when they did call;
 But poor or rich, he still was just to all.

'Oh! woe is me,' saith Justice, 'he is dead;
 The knight is dead that was so just a man,
 And in Astræa's lap low lies his head,
 Who whilom wonders in the world did scan.
 Justice hath lost her chiefest limb, what than?'
 At this her sighs and sorrows were so sore,
 And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF PRUDENCE.

A wreath of serpents 'bout her lily wrist
 Did seemly Prudence wear: she then arose.
 A silver dove sat mourning on her fist,
 Tears on her cheeks like dew upon a rose,
 And thus began the goddess' greeful glose:
 'Let England mourn, for why? his days are done,
 Whom Prudence nursèd like her dearest son.

'Hatton!' at that I started in my dream,
 But not awoke; 'Hatton is dead,' quoth she;
 'Oh! could I pour out tears like to a stream,
 A sea of them would not sufficient be:
 For why, our age had few more wise than he.
 Like oracles, as were Apollo's saws,
 So were his words accordant to the laws.

'Wisdom sat watching in his wary eyes,
 His insight subtle if unto a foe
 He could with counsels commonwealths comprise:
 No foreign wit could Hatton's overgo;
 Yet to a friend wise, simple, and no mo.
 His civil policy unto the state
 Scarce left behind him now a second mate.

'For country's weal his counsel did exceed,
 And eagle-eyed he was to spy a fault :
 For wars or peace right wisely could he reed :
 'Twas hard for trechors* 'fore his looks to halt ;
 The smooth-faced traitor could not him assault.
 As by his country's love his grees did rise,
 So to his country was he simple-wise.

'This grave adviser of the commonweal,
 This prudent councillor unto his prince,
 Whose wit was busied with his mistress' heale,
 Secret conspiracies could well convince,
 Whose insight pierced the sharp-eyed lynx.†
 He 's dead !' at this her sorrow was so sore,
 And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF FORTITUDE.

Next Fortitude arose unto this knight,
 And by his side sat down with steadfast eye[s] :
 A broken column 'twixt her arms was pight.
 She could not weep nor pour out yearnful cries :
 From Fortitude such base affects nil rise.
 Brass-renting goddess, she cannot lament, [spent :
 Yet thus her plaints with breathing sighs were

'Within the Maiden's court, place of all places,
 I did advance a man of high degree,
 Whom Nature had made proud with all her graces,
 Inserting courage in his noble heart ;
 No perils dread could ever make him start,
 But like to Scævola, for country's good
 He did not value for to spend his blood.

'His looks were stern, though in a life of peace ;
 Though not in wars, yet war hung in his brows ;
 His honour did by martial thoughts increase :
 To martial men living this knight allows,

* Cheats. † A word seems to have dropped out of this line.

And by his sword he solemnly avowed
 Though not in war, yet if that war were here,
 As warriors do to value honour dear.

'Captains he kept and fostered them with fee;
 Soldiers were servants to this martial knight;
 Men might his stable full of coursers see,
 Trotters, whose managed looks would some affright.
 His armoury was rich and warlike dight,
 And he himself, if any need had craved,
 Would as stout Hector have himself behaved.

'I lost a friend whenas I lost his life.'
 Thus plainèd Fortitude, and frowned withal.
 'Cursèd be Atropos, and cursed her knife,
 That made the captain of my guard to fall,
 Whose virtues did his honours high install.'
 At this she stormed, and wrung out sighs so sore,
 That what for grief her tongue could speak no
 more.

THE COMPLAINT OF TEMPERANCE.

Then Temperance, with bridle in her hand,
 Did mildly look upon this lifeless lord,
 And like to weeping Niobe did stand:
 Her sorrows and her tears did well accord;
 Their diapason was in self-same chord. [this,
 'Here lies the man,' quoth she, 'that breathed out
 To shun fond pleasures is the sweetest bliss.

'No choice delight could draw his eyes awry;
 He was not bent to pleasure's fond conceits;
 Inveigling pride, nor world's sweet vanity,
 Love's luring follies with their strange deceits,
 Could wrap this lord within their baneful sleights,
 But he, despising all, said, 'man is grass,
 His date a span, *et omnia vanitas*.'

‘Temperate he was, and tempered all his deeds:
He bridled those affects that might offend;
He gave his will no more the reins than needs,
He measured pleasures ever by the end.
His thoughts on virtue’s censures did depend:
What booteth pleasures that so quickly pass,
When such delights are fickle like to glass?

‘First pride of life, that subtle branch of sin,
And then the lusting humour of the eyes,
And base concupiscence, which plies her gin;
These sirens that do worldlings still entice,
Could not allure his mind to think of vice;
For he said still, pleasure’s delight it is
That holdeth man from heaven’s delightful bliss.

‘Temperate he was in every deep extreme,
And could well bridle his affects with reason,
What I have lost in losing him then deem.
Base death, that took away a man so geason,
That measured every thought by time and season.’
At this her sighs and sorrows were so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF BOUNTY.

With open hands, and mourning looks dependant,
Bounty stept forth to wail the dead man’s loss:
On her was love and plenty both attendant.
Tears in her eyes, arms folded quite across,
Sitting by him upon a turf of moss,
She sighed and said, ‘Here lies the knight deceased,
Whose bounty Bounty’s glory much increased.

‘His looks were liberal, and in his face
Sate frank Magnificence with arms displayed:
His open hands discoursed his inward grace;
The poor were never at their need denaid.
His careless scorn of gold his deeds bewrayed;

And this he craved, no longer for to live
Than he had power, and mind, and will to give.

‘No man went empty from his frank dispose;
He was a purse-bearer unto the poor:
He well observed the meaning of this glose,
None lose reward that giveth of their store.
To all his bounty passed. Ah me, therefore,
That he should die!’—with that she sighed so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF HOSPITALITY.

Lame of a leg, as she had lost a limb,
Start up kind Hospitality and wept.
She silent sate awhile, and sighed by him;
As one half maimèd to this knight she crept:
At last about his neck this nymph she leapt,
And with her cornucopia in her fist,
For very love his chilly lips she kissed.

‘Ah me!’ quoth she, ‘my love is lorn by death;
My chiefest stay is cracked, and I am lame:
He that his almès frankly did bequeath,
And fed the poor with store of food, the same,
Even he, is dead, and vanished in his name,
Whose gates were open, and whose almès deed
Supplied the fatherless and widow’s need.

‘He kept no Christmas house for once a year;
Each day his boards were filled with lordly fare:
He fed a rout of yeomen with his cheer,
Nor was his bread and beef kept in with care.
His wine and beer to strangers were not spare;
And yet beside to all that hunger grieved
His gates were ope, and they were there relieved.

'Well could the poor tell where to fetch their bread.
 As Baucis and Philemon were i-blest
 For feasting Jupiter in stranger's stead,
 So happy be his high immortal rest,
 That was to hospitality addressed;
 For few such live:' and then she sighed so sore,
 And so she wept that she could speak no more.

Then Courtesy, whose face was full of smiles,
 And Friendship, with her hand upon her heart,
 And tender Charity, that loves no wiles,
 And Clemency her passions did impart:
 A thousand Virtues there did straight up start,
 And with their tears and sighs they did disclose
 For Hatton's death their hearts were full of woes.

THE COMPLAINT OF RELIGION.

Next, from the farthest nook of all the place,
 Weeping full sore, there rose a nymph in black,
 Seemly and sober, with an angel's face, [crack:
 And sighed as if her heart-strings straight should
 Her outward woes bewrayed her inward wrack.
 A golden book she carried in her hand:
 It was Religion that thus meek did stand.

God wot, her garments were full loosely tucked,
 As one that careless was in some despair:
 To tatters were her robes and vestures plucked,
 Her naked limbs were open to the air:
 Yet for all this her looks were blythe and fair;
 And wondering how Religion grew forlorn,
 I spied her robes by Heresy was torn.

This holy creature sate her by this knight,
 And sighed out this: 'Oh! here he lies,' quoth she,
 'Lifeless, that did Religion's lamp still light;
 Devout without dissembling, meek and free,
 To such whose words and livings did agree:

Lip-holiness in clergymen he could not brook,
Ne such as counted gold above their book.

‘Upright he lived, as holy writ him led:
His faith was not in ceremonies old,
Nor had he new-found toys within his head,
Ne was he lukewarm, neither hot nor cold;
But in religion he was constant, bold,
And still a sworn professèd foe to all
Whose looks were smooth, hearts pharisaical.

‘The brain-sick and illiterate surmisers,
That like to saints would holy be in looks,
Of fond religions fabulous devisers,
Who scorned the academies and their books,
And yet could sin as others in close nooks:
To such wild-headed mates he was a foe,
That rent her robes, and wronged Religion so.

‘Ne was his faith in men’s traditions;
He hated Antichrist and all his trash;
He was not led away by superstitions,
Nor was he in religion over rash:
His hands from heresy he loved to wash.
Then, base report, ’ware what thy tongue doth spread.
’Tis sin and shame for to belie the dead.

‘Heart-holy men he still kept at his table,
Doctors that well could doom of holy writ:
By them he knew to sever faith from fable,
And how the text with judgment for to hit:
For Pharisees in Moses’ chair did sit.’
At this Religion sighed and grieve[d] so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

PRIMATE.

Next might I see a rout of noblemen,
Earls, barons, lords, in mourning weeds attired;
I cannot paint their passions with my pen,
Nor write so quaintly as their woes required.
Their tears and sighs some Homer’s quill desired.

But this I know, their grief was for his death,
That there had yielded nature, life, and breath.

MILITES.

Then came by soldiers trailing of their pikes,
Like men dismayed their beavers were adown;
Their warlike hearts his death with sorrow strikes,
Yea, war himself was in a sable gown;
For grief you might perceive his visage frown:
And scholars came by with lamenting cries,
Wetting their books with tears fell from their eyes.

PLEBS.

The common people they did throng in flocks,
Dewing their bosoms with their yearnful tears.
Their sighs were such as would have rent the rocks,
Their faces full of grief, dismay, and fears.
Their cries struck pity in my listening ears:
For why, the groans are less at hell's black gate,
Than Echo there did then reverberate.

Some came with scrolls and papers in their hand:
I guessed them suitors that did rue his loss;
Some with their children in their hand did stand;
Some poor and hungry with their hands across.
A thousand there sate wailing on the moss:
'*O Pater Patriæ!*' still they crièd thus,
'Hatton is dead, what shall become of us?'

At all these cries my heart was sore amoved,
Which made me long to see the dead man's face;
What he should be that was so dear beloved,
Whose worth so deep had won the people's grace.
As I came pressing near unto the place,
I looked, and though his face was pale and wan,
Yet by his visage did I know the man.

No sooner did I cast mine eye on him,
But in his face there flashed a ruddy hue;
And though before his looks by death were grim,
Yet seemed he smiling to my gazing view,
(As if, though dead, my presence still he knew :)
Seeing this change within a dead man's face,
I could not stop my tears, but wept apace.

I called to mind how that it was a knight
That whilome lived in England's happy soil;
I thought upon his care and deep insight,
For country's weal his labour and his toil
He took, lest that the English state might foil;
And how his watchful thought from first had been
Vowed to the honour of the maiden Queen.

I called to mind again he was my friend,
And held my quiet as his heart's content:
What was so dear for me he would not spend?
Then thought I straight such friends are seldom hent.
Thus still from love to love my humour went,
That pondering of his loyalty so free,
I wept him dead that living honoured me.

At this Astræa, seeing me so sad,
'Gan blythely comfort me with this reply:
'Virgin,' quoth she, 'no boot by tears is had,
Nor doth laments aught pleasure them that die.
Souls must have change from this mortality;
For living long sin hath the larger space,
And dying well they find the greater grace.

'And sith thy tears bewray thy love,' quoth she,
'His soul with me shall wend unto the skies;
His lifeless body I will leave to thee:
Let that be earthed and tombed in gorgeous wise.
I'll place his ghost among the hierarchies;
For as one star another far exceeds,
So souls in heaven are placèd by their deeds.'

With that, methought, within her golden lap,
(This sun-bright goddess smiling with her eye)
The soul of Hatton curiously did wrap,
And in a shroud was taken up on high.
Vain dreams are fond, but thus as then dreamt I,
And more, methought I heard the angels sing
An Hallelujah for to welcome him.

As thus attendant fair Astræa flew,
The nobles, commons, yea, and every wight,
That living in his life-time Hatton knew,
Did deep lament the loss of that good knight.
But when Astræa was quite out of sight,
For grief the people shouted such a scream,
That I awoke, and start out of my dream.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1563-4—1593.

OF the life of Christopher Marlowe—the most distinguished of the dramatists who immediately preceded Shakspeare—nothing is known except its beginning and its end. After we have traced him from school to college, and from thence to London, he disappears in the crowds of the metropolis, where he seems to have spent his few remaining years in the service of the stage.

Christopher, or, as he is familiarly called by his contemporaries, Kit Marlowe, was the son of John Marlowe, a shoemaker, and was born at Canterbury in February, 1563-4. He received the elements of his education at the King's School in that city, and was afterwards placed at Benet (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, where he matriculated as a pensioner on the 17th March, 1580-1. There were scholarships in the gift of the King's School, but it does not appear that Marlowe obtained admission to the University as a scholar; and as it is unlikely that his father's circumstances were sufficiently prosperous to bear the expenses of his collegiate course, we must infer that the cost was defrayed by the assistance of some rich friend or patron of the family. This conjecture is strengthened by Marlowe's Latin verses to the memory of Sir Roger Manwood,* who resided in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, and was munificent in the dispensation of his bounties. To that gentleman Marlowe was, probably, indebted for the completion of his education.

He passed through the University with credit, taking out his degree of A.B. in 1583, and that of A.M. in 1587. Whatever might have been the views of his friends with respect to

* See *post*, p. 234.

his settlement in life, Marlowe early relinquished all intention of entering any of the professions which usually close the vista of a collegiate course. Before he had acquired his last University honour, he had already closely connected himself with the theatres. His first play, *Tamburlaine the Great*,* was brought out previously to 1587, and, if the following statement may be relied upon, his appearance as a dramatist was only the sequel to former relations with the stage as an actor.

‘Christopher Marlowe,’ says Philips, ‘a kind of second Shakspeare (whose contemporary he was), not only because, like him, he rose from an actor to be a maker of plays, though inferior both in fame and merit; but also because in his begun poem of *Hero and Leander*, he seems to have a resemblance of that clear and unsophisticated wit which is natural to that incomparable poet.’†

There is an error of some magnitude in this passage. Marlowe was not the contemporary, but the predecessor of Shakspeare; and it is a still wider departure from truth to describe him as a second Shakspeare, meaning thereby a follower who nearly equalled his master. The strict observance of chronology, as far as it can be fixed, is indispensable to the history of what is loosely called the Elizabethan drama. The whole period it occupied was about half a century; and, considering how much was accomplished within that time, every step of the progress, and each individual’s share in it, becomes of importance. Yet there is hardly any portion of our literary annals in which greater confusion prevails; and Peele and Massinger, Kyd and Webster, Greene and Ben Jonson, who were really distant from each other, are commonly mixed up together, as if, instead of forming an inter-linked series, they were all writing simultaneously. It might be a question of minor biographical interest, whether Marlowe was a little before Shakspeare, or Shakspeare a little before

* First printed in 1590.

† *Theatrum Poetarum*.

Marlowe; but it is a question of a very different order of interest, whether the weighty versification of *Tamburlaine* preceded or followed the delicate melody of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dates are here essential to enable us to trace the course of our dramatic poetry from its source to that point where the stream is at its full. Marlowe is close to the spring; to him is ascribed, on apparently valid grounds, the first use of blank verse in dramatic composition; and we must, therefore, treat him as a poet who struck out a path for himself, and not as a follower of Shakspeare. Indeed, it may be said that Marlowe had closed his account not only with the stage, but with all human affairs, before Shakspeare was known as an original dramatist. At all events, it is certain that the first notice we have of Shakspeare was published only a few months before the death of Marlowe, and that it does not recognise him even as a maker of plays of his own, but as an adapter of the plays of others, including some of Marlowe's amongst them.*

Philips is so careless in his statements that he sometimes vitiates a fact by his mere manner of presenting it; as, for instance, when he says that Marlowe 'rose from an actor to be a maker of plays.' There was a tradition in his time, which is still preserved in an old ballad, that Marlowe had been upon the stage; it was known also that Shakspeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company; but there is no authority whatever for the assertion that they had been actors *before* they became dramatists. The reverse is much more likely to be true of Marlowe. The ballad which refers to his stage career is not, perhaps, a very safe authority in itself, having been written soon after his death, for the express purpose of exposing the irregularities and errors of his life and opinions; but upon this single point, supported by Philips, it may be credited. The doggrel is precise in its allegations,

* See *ante*, p. 27.

and affirms not only that Marlowe had been a player, but tells us at what theatre he played:—

He had also a player been
Upon the Curtain stage,
But brake his leg in one lewd scene,
When in his early age.

The Curtain seems to have been the favourite theatre for experiments in those days, where aspirants passed through their noviciate before they were admitted to the honours of the Blackfriars or the Globe. It was here Ben Jonson, some years afterwards, made his first appearance as actor and poet, and amongst its still later celebrities was

Heywood sage,
The apologetic Atlas of the stage.*

The Curtain was under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor, and stood near the playhouse called the Theatre, in Shoreditch.

According to the author of the ballad, Marlowe went upon the stage at an early age, but was obliged to abandon it in consequence of having broken his leg. Of this last circumstance, which, probably, entailed lameness on him for life, no other record has been traced. The absence of all contemporary allusion to it is so remarkable, at a time when the town was inundated with lampoons full of personal reflections, that the veracity of the ballad-monger may be fairly questioned. Marlowe's halt would have been at least as conspicuous a mark for ribaldry as Greene's red nose, or Gabriel Harvey's leanness.

The tragedy of *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts, was entered in the Stationers' books on the 14th of August, 1590, and published in the same year. Its reception upon the stage was so favourable, that the second part was brought out immediately after the first. *Faustus* and the *Jew of Malta* speedily followed. In all these pieces, which were highly successful, Alleyn played the principal characters. The next play was *Edward II.*, said by Warton to have been written in 1590. The *Massacre of Paris*, supposed to be the

* *Choice Drollery, Songs, and Sonnets.* 1656. Thomas Heywood, the author of *The Apology for Actors*.

piece noted by Henslowe in his *Diary* as the *Tragedy of the Guise*, was acted for the first time on the 30th of January, 1593. It was probably the last of Marlowe's productions. Alleyn played the chief part in this play also. Heywood celebrated the alliance between Marlowe and Alleyn in a prologue he wrote for the revival of the *Jew of Malta* in 1633. The lines are interesting as an evidence of the estimation in which Marlowe was held as one of the fathers of the stage:—

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets in that age
The Malta Jew had being and was made;
And he then by the best of actors played.

Nash and Greene had both preceded Marlowe in London, and there is reason to suppose that he had not entered into any intercourse with them when he brought *Tamburlaine* upon the stage. This inference is drawn from Nash's preliminary Epistle to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1587, in which he indirectly satirizes Marlowe and his new-fashioned style, which he describes as the 'swelling bombast of bragging blank verse.'

Nash and Marlowe were contemporaries at Cambridge, where Nash obtained his Bachelor's degree in 1585, and left the College without being allowed to take out his Master's degree in 1587, the year in which it was conferred on Marlowe.* It was natural enough that Nash should feel jealous

* The materials for Nash's biography are scanty, and the few details furnished from different sources involve contradiction. He was a native of Lowestoff, in Suffolk, where it has been hitherto supposed he was born about 1564; but recent investigations have discovered that he was christened in November, 1567. See *Shakspeare Society Papers*, iii. 178. Mr. Collier (*History of the Stage*, iii. 110) says that Nash entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1585, and was obliged to leave the University in 1587 without taking his degree. It does not appear upon what authority this statement is made, but it is irreconcilable with Harvey's assertions in a pamphlet published in Nash's lifetime, called *The Trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman*, 1597, from which we learn that while he was at Cambridge he wrote part of a satirical show called *Terminus et non Terminus*, that the person who was concerned in it with him was expelled, and that Nash, who was of seven years' standing, left the College about 1587. He then went up

of a member of his own University, who had just taken out honours from which he had been himself excluded; and his frequent use in the *Epistle* of the term 'art-masters,' confirms the suspicion that he was giving vent to a feeling of personal vexation. The application of these censures to Marlowe is placed almost beyond discussion by a passage in Greene's address to his *Perimedes*, published in the following year, which, referring openly to that 'atheist Tamburlaine,' and the 'blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun,' is evidently a continuation of the previous attack by Nash.

It is not known at what time Nash, Greene, and Marlowe formed that connexion in which we find their names subsequently associated; but it could not have been very long after the publication of these invectives, as in four or five years from that date both Greene and Marlowe were dead. Meeting in the theatre, the centre of their labours and their dissipation, they soon discovered those kindred tastes which afterwards drew them constantly together; while the encroachments Shakspeare was beginning to make about this period upon their position as dramatic writers, imparted something like a character of combination to their fellowship. They had a common interest in opposing the new luminary who was climbing the horizon of the stage with a broader and clearer lustre than their own; and we can easily imagine, without drawing any very fanciful picture, that the discussion of Shakspeare's pretensions, and the denunciation of his depredations on their manor, stimulated them at their orgies to many an additional flask of Rhenish.

Greene was, probably, the leader on such occasions. He was the oldest of the three; he had travelled, and brought home with him the vices of Italy and France; and he had

to London, where he joined Greene, who had been educated at St. John's College. The remainder of Nash's life was passed in profligacy and distress, and a considerable portion of it in the gaols of the metropolis. Like Greene, he became penitent towards the end, and in a pamphlet, entitled *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, expressed contrition for his writings and his conduct. He died in 1600 or 1601.

been established in London before either of the other two had found his way to the metropolis. For this pre-eminence he paid a bitter penalty in the end. Subsequent circumstances show that his companions shunned the responsibility of his friendship when the full glare of publicity fell upon the errors of his life, in which they had themselves so largely participated. They deserted him in his last illness, and after his death disowned the terms of intimacy on which they had lived together.*

Marlowe was deeply implicated in these excesses. He was one of that group of dramatists whose lives and writings were held up to public execration by the zealots who attacked the stage; and Greene has left an express testimony of the height to which Marlowe carried the frenzy of dissipation. In his address to his old associates, he implores them to abandon their wicked mode of life, their blaspheming, drinking, and debauchery, setting forth his own example as a fatal warning; and specially exhorts Marlowe to repentance by reminding him that they had formerly said together, like the fool in his heart, 'There is no God.'† This admonition, written under the influence of a death-bed conversion, can scarcely be considered sufficient to justify the imputation of deliberate atheism. It seems intended rather to warn Marlowe against the revolting levity of speech in which they had both indulged, and which was a sort of fashion in the dissolute society they frequented, than to accuse him of systematic scepticism. The charge, however, was afterwards brought forward in a specific shape by Thomas Beard, a Puritan minister of the most ascetic and uncompromising cast. Taking advantage of Marlowe's death to illustrate the terrible punishment which, even in this world, awaits the sinner who denies his God, he asserted that Marlowe had in his conversation blasphemed the Trinity, and had also written

* Nash's disavowal was explicit. In his *Strange News*, he roundly asserted that he had not been 'Greene's companion any more than for a carouse or two.' See also *ante*, p. 21.

† See *ante*, p. 26.

a book against the Bible.* But no such book is known to exist, and the allegation rests on the sole authority of Beard,† who himself repeats it upon hearsay. Marlowe's plays, which Beard is supposed to have attacked in another publication,‡ furnish no more tenable grounds for the charge of atheism than *Paradise Lost*; and Milton might just as rationally be held responsible for the sentiments he has put into the mouth of Satan, as Marlowe for the speculations, strictly rising out of the circumstances of the scene, which he has given to some of his characters in the *Jew of Malta* and *Doctor Faustus*. Marlowe's writings contain ample evidence of licentiousness and laxity of principle, but supply no proof that he held atheistical opinions. To what extent the

* *Theatre of God's Judgments.* 1597.

† It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned that a person named Bame prepared a note of Marlowe's 'damnable opinions,' with a view to a civil process, which was averted by the death of the poet. Apart from the intrinsic absurdity and evident malignity of some of Bame's statements, the value of his testimony may be estimated from the fact that the man who thus undertook to sit in judgment upon the religious opinions of another was afterwards hanged at Tyburn. I set aside altogether, as being wholly unworthy of consideration, some MS. notes of an anonymous scribe, written nearly fifty years after Marlowe's death, in a copy of *Hero and Leander*, in the possession of Mr. Collier. The writer asserts that Marlowe was an atheist, and that he made somebody else become an atheist. When we learn who the writer was, we shall know what amount of credit to attach to his authority.

‡ Peter Primaudaye's work on man, entitled *The French Academie*, translated into English in 2 Vols., by T. B. The first volume of this translation was published in 1586, and the second in 1594. *An Epistle to the Reader*, prefixed by the translator to the second volume, leaves little doubt as to the identity of T. B. In this elaborate address, the writer breaks out with great vehemence upon the subject of atheism, and, after adducing several examples, refers specially to the recent case of Greene. He next proceeds to denounce the writings of Greene and 'his crew,' and to demand the restriction of the press as a protection against their profanity. He is particularly scandalized at the love pamphlets; and his condemnation of the stage-plays is sweeping and indiscriminate, although he adds that 'this commendation of them hath lately passed the press, that they are rare exercises of virtue.' Beard closes his diatribe against the plays and other pestilential writings, by proposing that they should all be collected in St. Paul's Church-yard, where most of them were printed, and publicly burned as 'a sweet-smelling sacrifice unto the Lord.'

practical impiety of his life may have justified such an imputation, it would be presumptuous to hazard a judgment.

Greene died in September, 1592. His *Groat's Worth of Wit*, edited by Chettle,* was published immediately afterwards.† The genuineness of the pamphlet was doubted; and suspicion of the authorship fell upon Nash. It was also, in some quarters, ascribed to Chettle. They both denied it; and we learn from Chettle's disclaimer that Marlowe and Shakspeare took offence at the personal reflections made upon them, and went so far as to charge Chettle with having fabricated the work himself. His reply possesses a direct interest in reference to Marlowe, as it distinctly indicates that Greene had written worse things about him than Chettle had published.

With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, *and with one of them I care not if I never be*; the other, whom at this time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which augurs his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art. *For the first, whose learning I reverence, and, at the perusing of Greene's book, struck out what*

* Henry Chettle was one of the most prolific playwrights of his day. He is supposed to have been concerned in the production of forty pieces. Of his merits as a dramatist we have but imperfect means of forming an opinion, only four pieces conjectured to be his having come down to us. Although he wrote some grave and ponderous scenes, his strength lay chiefly in humour, of which we have an excellent sample in Babulo, the clown in *Patient Grissell*. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, speaks of Chettle as being one 'of the best for comedy.' Chettle seems to have been originally a compositor, and was certainly engaged in the printing business in 1591. He died about 1607, and is mentioned by Dekker in his *Knight's Conjurung*, 'in comes Chettle, sweating and blowing by reason of his fatness.'

† Greene died on the 3rd of September, and on the 20th the *Groat's Worth of Wit* was entered on the Stationers' Register.

*then in conscience I thought he had in some displeasure writ ; or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable : him I would wish to use now no worse than I deserve.**

The lines in italics plainly refer to Marlowe, whose character comes out in painful contrast to that of Shakspeare. The explanation is creditable to the manliness of Chettle. Compelled to relieve himself from the aspersion of having fabricated a pamphlet in Greene's name, he expresses regret that he had not exercised his editorial discretion over the passage that reflected on Shakspeare, having subsequently learned how upright he was in his conduct; but he expresses no regret at what he had published concerning Marlowe. He knew neither of them, and had no desire to know Marlowe. From this single sentence we may collect the opinion that was entertained of Marlowe, even amongst people who were not repelled from associating with him by religious scruples, who were, like himself, playwrights and poets, and who held no communion with him, although they mixed constantly in the society with which he was intimately connected. Chettle was one of the inferior writers for the stage; a drudge in all sorts of literature; and no doubt passed his life in a perpetual struggle against poverty. Yet this comparatively obscure man, always distinguished by the modesty with which he speaks of himself, did not hesitate to publish to the world that he had no desire to be acquainted with Marlowe, who, whatever were the vices of his private life, enjoyed considerable reputation as a successful dramatist, and was the associate of Nash, one of Chettle's earliest friends. From this explanation we also gather that Greene had written worse of Marlowe than that he had spoken irreverently; but that Chettle had suppressed it, thinking it was written in displeasure, possibly because Marlowe had deserted him in his hour of need. How much worse it was may be inferred from Chettle's statement that, even if it had been true, and not written in displeasure,

* *Kind-Hart's Dream.* 1592.

he would still have suppressed it, because it was 'intolerable' to publish.

Marlowe's anxiety to vindicate his character satisfied itself in an explosion of anger. He made no public protest against the aspersion of impiety, nor did he take any pains otherwise to show that it was unfounded. Neither Greene's solemn warning, nor the contempt of Chettle, produced any effect upon his life. He continued from this time to pursue the same course which had hitherto drawn so much censure upon him, and which was destined within a few months to bring his career to a sudden and tragical close. In the following June he was killed by a man to whom 'he owed a grudge,' and who was said to have been his rival under circumstances discreditable to both. The man, whose name was Francis Archer,* appears to have acted in self-defence. According to the relations which are given of the story, Archer had asked Marlowe to a feast at Deptford, and while they were playing at backgammon, Marlowe suddenly drew out his dagger, and attempted to stab his host; when Archer, perceiving his intention, avoided the blow, and quickly seizing his own dagger, struck Marlowe in the eye, bringing away the brains as he withdrew the weapon. Medical aid was immediately procured, but it was unavailing. Marlowe died in a few hours.† Of the issue, with reference to Archer, nothing is known.

Thus perished, at the untimely age of thirty, in a mean

* The burial register of the church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, contains the following entry:—'Christopher Marlowe, slain by Francis Archer, the 16th June, 1593.' This record disposes of Vaughan's statement [*The Golden Grove*: 1600.] that the name of Marlowe's antagonist was Ingram; and of Aubrey's story that it was Ben Jonson who 'killed Mr. Marlowe, the poet, on Bunhill, coming from the Green Curtain play-house.' In Jonson's case, the circumstances were altogether different, the person he killed, Gabriel Spencer, an actor, having challenged him. The duel took place in Hoxton Fields, in September, 1598, five years after the death of Marlowe. See *Life of Jonson*, Ann. Ed., p. 10.

† There are two or three versions of the catastrophe, differing in slight particulars, but agreeing upon the main.

brawl, the greatest dramatic poet in our language anterior to Shakspeare.

Amongst the papers Marlowe left behind him were the unfinished tragedy of *Dido*, afterwards completed for the stage by Nash, and the commencement of a paraphrase of the Greek poem of *Hero and Leander*, which Chapman brought to a conclusion. Independently of the plays Marlowe is known to have written, he is supposed to have been concerned in others, to some of which Shakspeare was largely indebted in the structure of three of his dramas.*

Marlowe laid the foundation of English dramatic poetry in blank verse, which he brought to its highest perfection. Ben Jonson's panegyric is familiar to all readers; but the 'mighty line' does not include the whole of Marlowe's merits. His versification is full of variety, and equally susceptible of the most

* 1. *The First Part of the Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster.* 2. *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York.* 3. *The Taming of the Shrew.* Upon the former two Shakspeare founded the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*, and upon the last his play of the same name. There are so many extraordinary coincidences of expression between the old *Taming of the Shrew* and Marlowe's acknowledged writings, that Mr. Dyce thinks it could not have been written by Marlowe himself, but must have been the work of an imitator. A writer in *Notes and Queries* opposes to this opinion the argument that the corresponding passages are so extensive and literal as to constitute, not imitations, but thefts, and that, if they are thefts, the thief would assuredly have availed himself of other writers, and not confined his depredations to Marlowe. 4. *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, in Two Parts. 5. *Lust's Dominion.* Mr Dyce rejects this play from his edition of Marlowe's works, because there are certain allusions in the first scene which could not have been written till after Marlowe's death. By parity of reasoning he should have rejected *Faustus*, which he adopts. In the case of *Lust's Dominion*, as in that of *Faustus*, we have a right to assume that interpolations were introduced, from time to time, according to the custom of the theatres. The most direct evidence in favour of Marlowe's authorship of this play is, that the earliest edition bears his name on the title-page; a species of evidence we are not justified in ignoring on speculative grounds. 6. *The Maiden's Holiday.* A comedy bearing this name was entered in the Stationers' books on the 8th April, 1654, as the joint production of Marlowe and Day; but it was never printed, and the MS. was destroyed by Warburton's cook. It has been conjectured also that Marlowe was the author of *Locrine* and *Titus Andronicus*, and of some play, apparently alluded to by Greene, see *ante*, p. 144, in which there was a priest of the sun. But there is no evidence in support of these conjectures.

luscious sweetness and the utmost force. The rhythm always obeys the emotion, and its melody is not to be tested by a mechanical standard. The sense is not adapted to the numbers, but the numbers to the sense; and, the meaning being clearly understood, the verse becomes a strain of music. His diction is rich and nervous; his imagery profuse, and frequently drawn from recondite sources. As he is often extravagant, so he is sometimes flat and prosaic; and, considering the height to which he occasionally soars above his immediate contemporaries, he may be pronounced the most unequal of them all. But it should be recollected that the dramatist of that day addressed only one tribunal. His object was to produce a play that would act well, not one that would read well. The fear of print was not before his eyes, and he was careless in proportion of those conditions of finish and completeness which are demanded by the criticism of the closet.

The comic scenes which interleave Marlowe's plays are coarse, heavy, and generally gross. But he had a quality of humour of a singular kind, which appears when it is least expected in situations of grief or terror. We have a remarkable example of this in the *Jew of Malta*, where Friar Jacomo, seeing the dead body of Friar Barnardine standing against a wall with a staff in its hands, addresses it, and, not receiving any answer, knocks it down, upon which he is accused of the murder,—a tragical issue produced by farcical means, and showing how closely tragedy and farce lie together.

Marlowe's strength was not that of intensity in the sense of concentration; it consisted in the power of accumulation which conquers by repeated blows. His details are often hyperbolical, and his characters, divorced from the action and the surrounding figures, are little better than superb exaggerations of humanity. His plays will not bear this kind of dissection; they must be grasped as a whole in the entirety of their burning passion and Titanic energies. The design is always vast, and commands attention by its breadth and boldness. There is a barbaric grandeur in *Tamburlaine*, which seizes forcibly on the imagination, in spite of the means by which it is brought about. It is preposterous enough to

see Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by captive kings with bits in their mouths, and to hear him reproaching them for not going faster than twenty miles a day; yet there is something almost sublime in the conception of vanquishing entire regions, carrying victory into remote countries almost with the certainty of fate, and then exhibiting to the world the emblems of this mighty power in the persons of the harnessed kings. It may awaken ludicrous associations to hear Tamburlaine's expression of surprise when he feels the approach of sickness, as if he who had overawed mortality in others, must himself be immortal; and his proposal to go forth and fight death, as he had fought other enemies, is simply absurd; but it is a stroke of genius, in immediate relation with all this, to represent death as being afraid to come too near him, and making his approaches as it were by stealth, every time Tamburlaine turns aside his head. The manner in which Faustus sells himself to the devil will make the modern reader smile; but assuredly the heaping up of the horrors, hour after hour, as the moment when the forfeit is to be paid draws near, is profoundly tragical.

The poems that are not dramatic possess all Marlowe's excellences liberated from his excesses. The most important of them is the *Hero and Leander*. How admirably it is executed will be felt upon reaching the continuation by 'cloud-grappling Chapman,' who, with great original powers, falls infinitely short of the luxury of description and exquisite versification of his predecessor. *The Song of the Passionate Shepherd*, which has retained its popularity for nearly 300 years, is the best known, as it is one of the most beautiful of Marlowe's compositions. To these is added, in the present volume, a translation of the *First Book of Lucan*, which presents especial claims to preservation as the second example of the kind in English, and as affording, by its closeness, being rendered line for line, a curious means of comparison with the more elaborate version of Rowe. Marlowe also produced a translation of *Ovid's Elegies*, which the bishops ordered to be burnt for its licentiousness.

POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

HERO AND LEANDER.

[THE fragment of this poem left by Marlowe extends only to the end of the Second Sestiad. It was published for the first time in 1598, and was reprinted in 1600, with Chapman's completion of the paraphrase. A third edition appeared in 1606, followed by subsequent editions in 1609, 1613, 1629, and 1637. Marlowe's portion obtained great popularity immediately after it appeared in print; lines were quoted from it in the plays of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; and it was frequently alluded to by other contemporary writers.

The liberal scale upon which Marlowe planned the paraphrase (which Warton by an oversight describes as a translation) elevates it in some degree to the dignity of a creation. Drawing his subject from the Greek poem ascribed to Musæus, he enriches it with luxurious additions, which not only impart a new character to the piece, but expand it considerably beyond the scope or design of its original. Indeed, little more is taken from Musæus than the story. The poetical drapery and passionate descriptions belong wholly to Marlowe. Mr. Hallam does injustice to this work when he dismisses it as a 'paraphrase of a most licentious kind.' The *Venus and Adonis*, and *Rape of Lucrece*, are open to the same charge. Licentiousness of treatment in poems of this nature was the common characteristic of the age, and not a speciality in Marlowe, who employed it with a grace and sweetness reached by none of his contemporaries except Shakspeare.

It may be inferred from an allusion in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, that Chapman's continuation was written and circulated in manuscript so early as 1598, although not published for two years afterwards. A passage in the Third Sestiad (see *post*, p. 186) seems to imply that the continuation was undertaken at the request of Marlowe; but the meaning is by no means clear. Marlowe apparently intended that the poem should be one entire piece; Chapman, however, broke it up into Sestiads, and prefixed a rhyming argument to each. Whether the narrative derives any advantage from this formal distribution of the action may be doubted; but it is, at all events, useful as helping to mark distinctly where Marlowe ended and Chapman began. The reader will at once feel the difference in passing from the musical flow and choice diction of Marlowe to the rugged versification and uncouth pedantry of Chapman. It is like a burst of harsh and dissonant trumpets coming after the voluptuous melody of flutes. But there are great merits in Chapman notwithstanding. Although frequently obscure, he is often profound, and always vigorous. His descriptions, generally overloaded with crude ornaments, are sometimes full of beauty and dignity; and, occasionally, but very rarely, he betrays an unexpected touch of tenderness.]

Dedication.

TO THE RIGHT-WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM,
KNIGHT.

SIR,—We think not ourselves discharged of the duty we owe to our friend when we have brought the breathless body to the earth; for, albeit the eye there taketh his ever-farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man that hath been dear unto us, living an after-life in our memory, there putteth us in mind of farther obsequies due unto the deceased; and namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his living credit and to the effecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations

(as by an intellectual will) I suppose myself executor to the unhappily deceased author of this poem; upon whom, knowing that in his lifetime you bestowed many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him with good countenance and liberal affection,* I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking; for, since his self had been accustomed thereunto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished tragedy happens under my hands to be imprinted, of a double duty, the one to yourself, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most favourable allowance, offering my utmost self now and ever to be ready at your worship's disposing.

EDWARD BLUNT.†

THE FIRST SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SESTIAD.

Hero's description and her love's;
The fane of Venus, where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:
Which tale the author doth imply.

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.

* 'This is not the only proof extant,' says Mr. Dyce, in his careful life of Marlowe, 'that Sir Thomas Walsingham cultivated a familiarity with the dramatists of his day; for to him, as to his 'long-loved and honorable friend,' Chapman has inscribed by a sonnet the comedy of *At Fooles*, 1605.'

† Edward Blunt was the publisher of the first edition of *Hero and Leander*. This dedication, together with the whole of the poem, was reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges in the *Restituta*.

The outside of her garments were* of lawn,
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, usèd she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,

* All the editions print *were*. This confusion of antecedents is common among the early writers. Thus in the *Jew of Malta*:—

‘Oh, holy friar, the burden of my sins
Lie heavy on my soul.’

And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft :
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung,)
Dwelt at Abydos ; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere ;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand ;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder : I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly ;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back ; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods : let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes ;
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow,* and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamoured of his beauty had he been :

* Narcissus.

His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
 That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
 The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with nought,
 Was moved with him, and for his favour sought.
 Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
 For in his looks were all that men desire,—
 A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
 A brow for love to banquet royally;
 And such as knew he was a man, would say,
 'Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
 Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
 Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall.'

The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
 For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
 Rose-cheeked Adonis, kept a solemn feast;
 Thither resorted many a wandering guest
 To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
 Came lovers home from this great festival;
 For every street, like to a firmament,
 Glistered with breathing stars, who, where they went,
 Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed
 Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed,
 As if another Phaëton had got
 The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
 But, far above the loveliest, Hero shined,
 And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind;
 For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
 So was her beauty to the standers by;
 Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star*
 (When yawning dragons draw her thirling† car

* Diana or Hecate, whose car is said to be drawn from Latmus' mount, because it was there she used to meet her lover Endymion.

† Upon this word, Mr. Dyce has the following note:—'Thirling, *i. e.* *thrilling*, and here, probably, equivalent to shaking, vibrating. The modern editors print 'whirling,' which hardly suits the context.' This explanation is not satisfactory. *Thirling*, or *thrilling* means in old English piercing. Thus the nose-thirles, or nostrils, are the orifices by which the nose is pierced. The modern acceptation of *thrilling* is that which gives the sensation of being pierced to the

From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
 Where, crowned with blazing light and majesty,
 She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood
 Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
 Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
 Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
 Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain*
 From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
 So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
 And all that viewed her were enamoured on her :
 And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
 Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
 Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
 So at her presence all surprised and taken,
 Await the sentence of her scornful eyes ;
 He whom she favours lives ; the other dies :
 There might you see one sigh ; another rage ;
 And some, their violent passions to assuage,
 Compile† sharp satires ; but, alas, too late !
 For faithful love will never turn to hate ;
 And many, seeing great princes were denied,
 Pined as they went, and thinking on her died.
 On this feast-day,—oh, cursèd day and hour !—
 Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
 To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
 As after chanced, they did each other spy.

heart. From the idea of piercing, that of vibrating or shaking never could have been derived ; and yet *piercing*, as an epithet applied to a car is absurd. If there were any authority for whirling it would evidently be the better reading. Her whirling car might mean her car that was whirled rapidly along.

* ' Gallop amain, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' lodging.'

Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2.

† This was not an unusual form on the title-pages of collections of epigrams and satires. Thus, *Follie's Anatomie*, published in 1619, was described as consisting of ' Satyres and Satyricall Epigrams, &c., compiled by Henry Hutton, Dunelmensis.'

So fair a church as this had Venus none :
 The walls were of discoloured jasper-stone,
 Wherein was Proteus carved ; and over-head
 A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
 Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
 And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
 Of crystal shining fair the pavement was ;
 The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass :
 There might you see the gods, in sundry shapes,
 Committing heady riots, incest, rapes ;
 For know, that underneath this radiant floor*
 Was Danæ's statue in a brazen tower ;
 Jove sily stealing from his sister's bed,
 To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
 And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
 And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud ;
 Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
 Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set ;
 Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy ;
 Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy†
 That now is turned into a cypress-tree,
 Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
 And in the midst a silver altar stood :
 There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
 Vailed to the ground,‡ veiling her eyelids close ;
 And modestly they opened as she rose :
 Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head ;
 And thus Leander was enamourèd.

* The various editions spelt flour, flowre, and flower, apparently to accommodate the rhyme with tower. But the meaning is clear, and it certainly does less violence to the language to make tower rhyme to floor, than to pronounce floor flower to make it rhyme with tower.

† Cyparissus.

‡ Stooped or bowed to the ground. It is very unusual to find the verb to *vail* used with a neuter signification, as in this instance. It is generally an active verb, as—

‘ Then like a melancholy malecontent
 He vails her tail.’

Venus and Adonis.—SHAKESPEARE'S *Poems*.—Ann. Ed. p. 48.

Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook :
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win ;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect :
The reason no man knows ; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured* by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight :
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?†

He kneeled ; but unto her devoutly prayed :
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
' Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him ;'
And, as she spake those words, came somewhat near
He started up ; she blushed as one ashamed ; [him.
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touched her hand ; in touching it she trembled :
Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parlèd by the touch of hands :
True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled ;
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled ;
And Night, deep-drenched in misty Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day):
And now begins Leander to display

* Literally, judged by our eyes. To censure, as used by the early writers, did not imply to give an unfavourable judgment, but simply to pronounce an opinion.

† Mr. Dyce points out the following passage in which Shakspeare has quoted this line:—

' Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might ;—
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ?'

As You Like It, iii. 5 .

Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears;
Which, like sweet music, entered Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her.*
'Fair creature, let me speak without offence:
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine!
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; mis-shapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
Oh, shun me not, but hear me ere you go!
God knows, I cannot force love as you do:
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar, to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpas
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, beloved of human swains,
Receives no blemish, but oftentimes more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven nor thou were made to gaze upon:
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.

* See Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, iv. 2, where Master Mathew quotes a portion of the following speech, and is reprov'd by Knowell for filching from the dead. The comedy was produced in 1598, the same year in which Marlowe's fragment of *Hero and Leander* was first published; so that it is not necessary to adopt

A stately-built ship, well-rigged and tall,
 The ocean maketh more majestic:
 Why vowest thou, then, to live in Sestos here,
 Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
 Like untuned golden strings all women are,
 Which long time lie untouched, will harshly jar.
 Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine:
 What difference betwixt the richest mine
 And basest mould, but use? for both, not used,
 Are of like worth. Then treasure is abused,
 When misers keep it: being put to loan,
 In time it will return us two for one.
 Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
 Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
 Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
 Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
 Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish!
 Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.
 Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself
 In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
 Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
 Which, after his decease, some other gains;
 But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
 When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none;*
 Or, if it could, down from th' enamelled sky
 All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
 And with intestine broils the world destroy,
 And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
 Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
 We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.

Whalley's supposition that Jonson took the passage from a MS. copy of the poem. Master Mathew does not cite the lines accurately, but that, perhaps, may have been intentional.

* 'Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
 Which, used, lives thy executor to be.'

SHAKESPEARE'S *Sonnets*, iv.

For an expansion of the argument, see the first four of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*.

One is no number ; maids are nothing, then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things ;
But they, that daily taste neat wine, despise it :
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compared with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow :
Even so for men's impression do we you ;
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is 't of earth or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast :
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous :
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascribed thereto :
Honour is purchased by the deeds we do ;
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wronged Diana's name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair, ah me ! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly-blasting infamy.

Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath :
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath ?
'To Venus,' answered she ; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two tralucient cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied : ' The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masques, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn ;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committest a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands :
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands.'
Thereat she smiled, and did deny him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo ;
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech :
' Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet, for her sake, whom you have vowed to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are performed and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life ;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous ;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus ;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice :
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reapt ;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.'
These arguments he used, and many more ;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.

Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war :
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus, having swallowed Cupid's golden hook,
The more she strived, the deeper was she strook :
Yet, idly* feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused a while, at last she said,
' Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ah me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator.'
With that, Leander stooped to have embraced her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: ' Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us,)
My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:—
Come thither.' As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares, ' Come thither,' from her slipped;
And suddenly her former colour changed,
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged;
And, like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart:
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,

* Mr. Dyce's edition reads ' evilly feigning,' which is not so clear.

Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vowed spotless chastity; but all in vain;
Cupid beats down her prayers* with his wings;
Her vows above the empty air he flings:
All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she strooken, looked so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny;
And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turned,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourned.
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such:
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why.

Heaven's wingèd herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl t' adorn it,
Glistered with dew, as one that seemed to scorn it;
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose:
Yet proud she was (for lofty Pride that dwells
In towerèd courts, is oft in shepherds' cells),
And too, too well the fair vermilion knew
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain. On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon a hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,

* Prayer is always a dissyllable in old English.

Till in his twining arms he locked her fast,
And then he wooed with kisses; and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid,
And, tumbling in the grass, he often strayed
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold;
And, like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elysium. But she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striven in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stayed his fury, and began
To give her leave to rise: away she ran;
After went Mercury, who used such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running;
(Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight;)
And, knowing Hermes courted her, was glad
That she such loveliness and beauty had
As could provoke his liking; yet was mute,
And neither would deny nor grant his suit.
Still vowed he love: she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
(All women are ambitious naturally,)
Imposed upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask;
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she willed,
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Jove's cup filled),
And gave it to his simple rustic love:
Which being known—as what is hid from Jove?—
He inly stormed, and waxed more furious
Than for the fire filched by Prometheus; [here,
And thrusts him down from heaven. He, wandering
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,

Complained to Cupid ; Cupid, for his sake,
To be revenged on Jove did undertake ;
And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forced them equally
To dote upon deceitful Mercury.
They offered him the deadly fatal knife
That shears the slender threads of human life ;
At his fair-feathered feet the engines laid,
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweighed.
These he regarded not ; but did entreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banished into hell,
And agèd Saturn in Olympus dwell.
They granted what he craved ; and once again
Saturn and Ops began their golden reign :
Murder, rape, war, and lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove closed in Stygian empery.*
But long this blessèd time continued not :
As soon as he his wishèd purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of th' everlasting Destinies.
They, seeing it, both Love and him abhorred,
And Jupiter unto his place restored :
And, but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven-gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance.
Yet, as a punishment, they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss :
And to this day is every scholar poor :
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To 'venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir ;

* Empire.

And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are,
 Shall, discontent, run into regions far ;*
 And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
 But be surprised with every garish toy,
 And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
 Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
 Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
 Seeing in their loves the Fates were injurèd.

THE SECOND SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND SESTIAD.

Hero of love takes deeper sense,
 And doth her love more recompense ;
 Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
 Are th' only crowns of both their blisses,
 He swims to Abydos, and returns :
 Cold Neptune with his beauty burns ;
 Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
 Hero's fair tower and his desire.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
 Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
 He kissed her, and breathed life into her lips ;
 Wherewith, as one displeased, away she trips ;
 Yet, as she went, full often looked behind,
 And many poor excuses did she find
 To linger by the way, and once she stayed,
 And would have turned again, but was afraid,
 In offering parley, to be counted light :
 So on she goes, and, in her idle flight,
 Her painted fan of curlèd plumes let fall,
 Thinking to train Leander therewithal.

* In the former editions this line is printed—

‘ Shall discontent run into regions far.’

I have ventured upon the punctuation in the text under the impression that discontent here means discontented, and that the interpretation of the passage is that foolish wits who fail in their inspiration shall, discontented, seek their portion in distant lands. It may possibly be intended to convey an allusion to the numerous adventurers, such as Raleigh, who went at that time flocking to the New World.

He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stayed, and after her a letter sent;
Which joyful Hero answered in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces locked their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide-open stood the door; he need not climb;
And she herself, before the 'pointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strowed the room,*
And oft looked out, and mused he did not come.
At last he came: oh, who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?
He asked; she gave; and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied:
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised,
Where fancy is in equal balance paied.)
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turned aside, and to herself lamented,
As if her name and honour had been wronged
By being possessed of him for whom she longed;
Ay, and she wished, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smiled
To see how he this captive nymph beguiled;

* Of all the examples that have been recorded of the profuse use of roses by the ancients at banquets and festivals, the most extraordinary are those which are related of Heliogabalus. Not only were the tables and dishes covered with them, but by mechanical contrivance showers of roses were made to descend upon the guests until they were nearly smothered under them. On such occasions Heliogabalus had the floors, porticoes, and roads leading to the house strewn with roses. At a feast which Cleopatra gave to Antony, she caused the floor of the banqueting hall to be covered three feet deep with roses, over which a net was spread to prevent the foot from sinking in the leaves.

For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down, that it might mount the higher.
Now waxed she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing, her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice
To slake his anger, if he were displeased :
Oh, what god would not therewith be appeased ?
Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetence,
And, wanting organs to advance a step,
Moved by love's force, unto each other leap ?
Much more in subjects having intellect
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung :
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung, [strived,
Strived with redoubled strength ; the more she
The more a gentle pleasing heat revived,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know :
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he craved it :
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus, she fled,
And, seeming lavish, saved her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem :

Above our life we love a steadfast friend ;
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone ;
No marvel, then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from that she dearly held :
Jewels being lost are found again ; this never ;
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.

Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds ;
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And, red for anger that he stayed so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among,
And now Leander, fearing to be missed,
Embraced her suddenly, took leave, and kissed :
Long was he taking leave, and loth to go,
And kissed again, as lovers use to do.
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, ' Let your vows and promises be kept :'
Then standing at the door, she turned about,
As loth to see Leander going out.
And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps ;
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trusty night concealed,
Leander's amorous habit soon revealed :
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crowned,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreathed her largely-spreading hair ;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endowed,
When first religious chastity she vowed ;
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail ; for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.

Home when he came, he seemed not to be there,
But, like exilèd air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place; and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,
He would have chased away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter
Fires and inflames objects removèd far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and removed,
Burns where it cherished, murders where it loved.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
Oh, none but gods have power their love to hide!
Affection by the countenance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is concealed betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen:
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuked his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new-begun.
But love resisted once, grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controlled, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hoves*
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrained, the worse he fares:
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
'Oh, Hero, Hero!' thus he cried full oft;
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long stared he on't,
And prayed the narrow toiling Hellespont

* 'Hoves, *i. e.* hoofs—for the rhyme.'—DYCE. The correct plural of hoof is not hoofs, but hooves—as calf, calves, half, halves. Marlowe's alteration to suit the rhyme is, therefore, very slight.

To part in twain, that he might come and go ;
But still the rising billows answered, ' No.'
With that, he stripped him to the ivory skin,
And, crying, ' Love, I come,' leaped lively in :
Whereat the sapphire-visaged god grew proud,
And made his capering Triton sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, displeased,
Had left the heavens ; therefore on him he seized.
Leander strived ; the waves about him wound,
And pulled him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strewed with pearl, and in low coral groves
Sweet-singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwrack treasure ;
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embraced him, called him ' love,'
And swore he never should return to Jove :
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heaved him up, and, looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kissed him,
And fell in drops like tears because they missed him.
Leander, being up, began to swim,
And, looking back, saw Neptune follow him :
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
' Oh, let me visit Hero ere I die !'
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapped his plump cheeks, with his tresses played,
And, smiling wantonly, his love bewrayed ;
He watched his arms, and, as they opened wide
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And, as he turned, cast many a lustful glance,
And throw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry

Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
 And up again, and close beside him swim,
 And talk of love. Leander made reply,
 'You are deceived; I am no woman, I.'
 Thereat smiled Neptune, and then told a tale,
 How that a shepherd, sitting in a vale,
 Played with a boy so lovely fair and kind,
 As for his love both earth and heaven pined;
 That of the cooling river durst not drink,
 Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink;
 And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
 Goat-footed Satyrs and up-staring Fauns
 Would steal him thence. Ere half this tale was done,
 'Ah me,' Leander cried, 'th' enamoured sun,
 That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
 Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower:
 Oh, that these tardy arms of mine were wings!
 And, as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
 Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
 And in his heart revenging malice bare:
 He flung at him his mace; but, as it went,
 He called it in, for love made him repent:
 The mace, returning back, his own hand hit,
 As meaning to be 'venged for darting it.
 When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander viewed,
 His colour went and came, as if he rued
 The grief which Neptune felt: in gentle breasts
 Relenting thoughts, remorse and pity* rests;
 And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
 But vicious, hare-brained, and illiterate hinds?

* Mr. Dyce observes that remorse and pity are 'all but synonyms.' This requires qualification. The sense in which remorse conveyed a meaning bearing in any degree on the meaning we attach to pity or compassion, has long been obsolete.

'Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
 To no remorse.'—DRYDEN.

Here remorse clearly means pity or mercy; but it is never used in this sense now.

The god, seeing him with pity to be moved,
 Thereon concluded that he was beloved ;
 (Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
 With folly and false hope deluding us ;)
 Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,
 To the rich ocean for gifts he flies :
 'Tis wisdom to give much ; a gift prevails
 When deep-persuading oratory fails.

By this, Leander, being near the land,
 Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.
 Breathless albeit he were, he rested not
 Till to the solitary tower he got ;
 And knocked, and called : at which celestial noise
 The longing heart of Hero much more joys,
 Than nymphs and shepherds when the timbrel rings,
 Or crookèd dolphin when the sailor sings.
 She stayed not for her robes, but straight arose,
 And, drunk with gladness, to the door she goes ;
 Where seeing a naked man, she screeched for fear,
 (Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,)
 And ran into the dark herself to hide :
 (Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied :)
 Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
 By those white limbs which sparkled through the
 lawn.

The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
 And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed ;
 Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
 Through numbing cold, all feeble, faint, and wan.
 ' If not for love, yet, love, for pity-sake,
 Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take ;
 At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
 Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swoom :
 This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
 And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow.'
 Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
 And in her lukewarm place Leander lay ;

Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,*
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary-Mars-carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare:
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana when Actæon spied her,
Being suddenly betrayed, dived down to hide her;
And, as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear:
Yet ever, as he greedily assayed
To touch those dainties, she the harpy played,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out;
For though the rising ivory mount he scaled,
Which is with azure circling lines empaled,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I term this,
By which Love sails to regions full of bliss?)
Yet there with Sisyphus he toiled in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.
Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing,
She trembling strove; this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy.† Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length:
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Entered the orchard of th' Hesperides;

* Fetched.

† An allusion to the legend, followed in *Paradise Lost*, that this world and mankind were created to supply the place of the rebellious angels who fell from heaven.

Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sighed out the rest;
Which so prevailed, as he, with small ado,
Enclosed her in his arms, and kissed her too;
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm:
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was!
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

And now she wished this night were never done,
And sighed to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it grieved her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,
And them, like Mars and Erycine, display
Both in each other's arms chained as they lay.
Again, she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clinged her so about,
That, mermaid-like, unto the floor she slid;
One half appeared, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
As from an orient cloud, glimpsed here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betrayed,
And her all naked to his sight displayed:
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.

By this, Apollo's golden harp began
 To sound forth music to the ocean ;
 Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
 But he the bright Day-bearing car prepared,
 And ran before, as harbinger of light,
 And with his flaring beams mocked ugly Night,
 Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
 Danged down to hell her loathsome carriage.

THE THIRD SESTIAD.*

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD SESTIAD.

Leander to the envious light
 Resigns his night-sports with the night,
 And swims the Hellespont again.
 Thesme, the deity sovereign
 Of customs and religious rites,
 Appears, reproving his delights,
 Since nuptial honours he neglected ;
 Which straight he vows shall be effected.
 Fair Hero, left devirginate,
 Weighs, and with fury wails her state :
 But with her love and woman's wit
 She argues and approveth it.

NEW light gives new directions, fortunes new,
 To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
 More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
 Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly.
 Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
 Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
 High unexperienced blood, and maids' sharp plights
 Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
 That, being enjoyed, ask judgment ; now we praise,
 As having parted : evenings crown the days.

And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
 Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,
 Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
 Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,

* The continuation by Chapman commences here.

And you detested Charms constraining love!
Shun love's stolen sports by that these lovers prove.

By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other epithite.*
And as amidst th' enamoured waves he swims,
The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That, this word gilt including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be expressed, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift
As had beseemed so sanctified a gift;
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall,
Before his time, to that unblestèd blessing,
Which, for lust's plague, doth perish with possessing:
Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.
What man is he, that with a wealthy eye
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest
sleep,
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;—
Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given?
And who, like earth, would spend that dower of
heaven,

* Epithite seems to mean clothing or covering, from ἐπιτιθημι.

With rank desire to joy it all at first?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So ordered that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire,
The palm of Bounty ever moist preserving;
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banished all offence: Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flowery body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men and actions makes legitimate;
Being used aright, the use of time is fate.

Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich,—treasures composed by
stealth;

And to his sister, kind Hermione,
(Who on the shore kneeled, praying to the sea
For his return,) he all love's goods did show,
In Hero seised for him, in him for Hero.

His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower, he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing),
And all the sweetened shore, as he did go,
Was crowned with odorous roses, white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so filled,
That love to all that touched him he instilled

And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be,
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flowed from his parts with force so virtual,
It fired with sense things mere insensual.

Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down, he kindly kissed his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vowed thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero or her bliss,
Should be her altar to prefer a kiss.

Then laid he forth his late-enrichèd arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims:
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, 'See, sister, Hero's carcanet!
Which she had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck.'

But, as he shook with passionate desire
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravished sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues
Brake through the roof, and, like the rainbow,
views

Amazed Leander: in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion: all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,

Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
 All which her sight made live, her absence die.
 A rich disparent pentacle* she wears,
 Drawn full of circles and strange characters.
 Her face was changeable to every eye;
 One way looked ill, another graciously;
 Which while men viewed, they cheerful were and holy,
 But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
 The snaky paths to each observèd law
 Did Policy in her broad bosom draw.
 One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
 Which, gathering in one line a thousand rays
 From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
 And all estates of men distinguisheth:
 By it Morality and Comeliness
 Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
 Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
 To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
 That followed, eating earth and excrement
 And human limbs; and would make proud ascent
 To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain.
 The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;
 And all the sweets of our society
 Were sphered and treasured in her bounteous eye.
 Thus she appeared, and sharply did reprove
 Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
 Told him how poor was substance without rites,
 Like bills unsigned; desires without delights;
 Like meats unseasoned; like rank corn that grows
 On cottages, that none or reaps or sows;

* A charm against evil spirits. It was formed of the figures of three triangles, intersected and composed of five lines. By a 'rich disparent pentacle' is meant a pentacle of different colours.

'They have their crystals, I do know, and rings,
 And virgin-parchment, and their dead-men's skulls,
 Their raven's wings, and lights, and pentacles,
 With characters.'

Not being with civil forms confirmed and bounded,
 For human dignities and comforts founded;
 But loose and secret all their glories hide;
 Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.

She vanished, leaving pierced Leander's heart
 With sense of his unceremonious part,
 In which, with plain neglect of nuptial rites,
 He close and flatly fell to his delights:
 And instantly he vowed to celebrate
 All rites pertaining to his married state.
 So up he gets, and to his father goes,
 To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose.
 The nuptials are resolved with utmost power;
 And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,
 From whence he meant to Sestos' forked bay
 To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
 Sent by his father, throughly rigged and manned,
 To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.
 There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
 Astonished Hero, whose most wishèd view
 I thus long have forborne, because I left her
 So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her:
 To look on one abashed is impudence,
 When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.
 Her blushing het* her chamber: she looked out,
 And all the air she purpled round about;†
 And after it a foul black day befell,
 Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,
 And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
 And foul it proved, because it figured so
 The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;
 I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.

* Heated.

† 'Behold ye might

A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
 As from an orient cloud, glimpsed here and there,' &c.—p. 179.

Then, now, most strangely-intellectual fire,
 That, proper to my soul, hast power t'inspire
 Her burning faculties, and with the wings
 Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs
 Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
 Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
 Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
 Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
 And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
 Inscribing it to deathless memory :
 Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
 That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep ;
 Tell it how much his late desires I tender
 (If yet it know not), and to light surrender
 My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
 To loves, to passions, and society.*

Sweet Hero, left upon her bed alone,
 Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone,
 And nothing with her but a violent crew
 Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
 Even to herself a stranger, was much like
 Th' Iberian city that War's hand did strike
 By English force in princely Essex' guide,†
 When Peace assured her towers had fortified,

* In this mysterious apostrophe to the spirit of Marlowe, Chapman seems to imply that by completing the 'half-told' Musæan story he is fulfilling 'the late desires' of the poet. If we are to accept the phrase 'late desires' literally, we must conclude that the continuation was begun soon after Marlowe's death, although it was not published till 1606. The passage is altogether involved in obscurity; for there is not only no evidence to show that Chapman was intimate with Marlowe, but some reason, from the difference in their habits and characters, to doubt that there could have been much intercourse between them.

† In the early translations and paraphrases from Greek and Latin writers, incongruities of this kind are of frequent occurrence. Some curious examples may be seen in Sandys' *Ovid*. Hero's condition is here compared to that of the city of Cadiz when it was attacked, in 1596, by the expedition under the command of Essex. This date shows that Chapman's continuation could not have been written immediately after Marlowe's death, as the previous passage seems to indicate. See the last note.

And golden-fingered India had bestowed
Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flowed
Into her turrets, and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embraced ;
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love suits, with iron thunders chid ;
Swum to her town, dissolved her virgin zone ;
Led in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amazed, that she supposed
She had not been in her own walls enclosed,
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,
And all her peaceful mansions possessed
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So fared fair Hero in th' expungèd fort
Of her chaste bosom ; and of every sort
Strange thoughts possessed her, ransacking her breast
For that that was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain [slain ;
Thoughts that spake straight, and wished their mother
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers :
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers :
Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.
She mused how she could look upon her sire,
And not show that without, that was intire ;
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glass, that shows
In-forms without us ; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be closed,
Still glancing by them till he find opposed
A loose and rorid* vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it

* Dewy ; from Lat. *ros*, *roris*, dew.

To form a tender twenty-coloured eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky ;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star,
(That ever is in motion circular,)
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event, uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought ;
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she
 listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight,
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art
That makes the face a pander to the heart.
Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane ;
Those be the lap-wing faces that still cry,
'Here 'tis!' when that they vow is nothing nigh :
Base fools! when every Moorish fool can teach
That which men think the height of human reach.
But custom, that the apoplexy is
Of bed-rid nature and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet brazed not Hero's brow with impudence ;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in countenance other than she was,
As if she had two souls, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter or conceal
What they conceived, or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects ;
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike ; for this one vice of ours,

That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.

These and more grave conceits toiled Hero's spirits;
For, though the light of her discursive wits
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet, alas!
There was a heavenly flame encompassed her,—
Her goddess, in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierced Hero to the heart;
Who, heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languished, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cypres* made,
In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,
Even over head and face, down to her feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand leaned on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapped in unshapeful folds, 'twas death to see;
Her knee stayed that, and that her falling face;
Each limb helped other to put on disgrace:
No form was seen, where form held all her sight;
But, like an embryo that saw never light,
Or like a scorched statue made a coal
With three-winged lightning, or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might a penetrating eye well see
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turned as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears. Then wrought her wit

* Also cipres and cyprus—crape. A cyprus-hat was a hat covered with a crape band.

'Your partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn
In solemn cyprus, th' other cobweb lawn.'

BEN JONSON.—*Ep.*—Ann. Ed. p. 17.

With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,—
 All tools that enginous* despair could frame:
 Which made her strow the floor with her torn hair,
 And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
 Like Jove's son's club, strong passion strook her down,
 And with a piteous shriek enforced her swoun:
 Her shriek made with another shriek ascend
 The frighted matron that on her did tend;
 And as with her own cry her sense was slain,
 So with the other it was called again.
 She rose, and to her bed made forcèd way,
 And laid her down even where Leander lay;
 And all this while the red sea of her blood
 Ebbd with Leander: but now turned the flood,
 And all her fleet of spirits† came swelling in,
 With child of sail,‡ and did hot fight begin
 With those severe conceits she too much marked:
 And here Leander's beauties were embarked.
 He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
 Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys
 All her destroying thoughts; she thought she felt
 His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
 And chide her soul that it could so much err,
 To check the true joys he deserved in her.
 Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
 And she supposed she saw in Neptune's skies,

* That is, ingenious. Engine is the old English mode of translating the Latin *ingenium*. Thus Chaucer:—

‘Right as a man hath sapiences thre
 Memorie, engin, and intellect also.’

Secounde Nonnes Tale.—Ann. Ed. iii. 17.

† Spirit was generally pronounced as a monosyllable—like sprite or sprit. It is everywhere so pronounced by Chapman. For examples, see *ante*, p. 189, where it is made to rhyme to ‘sit,’ and *post*, p. 197, where ‘spirits’ rhymes with ‘wits.’

‡ When the sails are full of wind they are called big-bellied. This, appears to be the meaning here—that the fleet ‘came swelling in’—and not, as has been suggested, ‘full of sail,’ that is, with all sails crowded.

How her star wandered, washed in smarting brine,
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embathed, and swim in more heart's-ease
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit: 'Shall I
Sing moans to such delightful harmony?
Shall slick-tongued Fame, patched up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father Judgment is away,
And, gossip-like, says because others say,
Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slaving forth for dog-fee's meat,)
Make me, for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that
From other stocks than from th' observèd vow. [grow
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero;
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If, then, Leander did my maidenhead git,
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never:
Two constant lovers being joined in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us.
Too true it is, that, when 'tis gone, men hate
The joy as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light
Should show them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, death must implant his terror:
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here!

Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight ;
Now with Ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours ;
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure :
In things without us no delight is sure.
But love, with all joys crowned, within doth sit :
Oh, goddess, pity love, and pardon it !
Thus spake she weeping : but her goddess' ear
Burned with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
Ah me ! hath heaven's straight fingers no more graces
For such as Hero than for homeliest faces ?
Yet she hoped well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight,
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty ;
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance*
In her love's beauties, she had confidence
Jove loved him too, and pardoned her offence :
Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supple rigour, and it lessens sin.
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple ;
Her health said she must live ; her sex, dissemble.
She viewed Leander's place, and wish'd he were
Turned to his place, so his place were Leander.
' Ah me,' said she, ' that love's sweet life and sense
Should do it harm ! my love had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place : oh, blessèd place,
Image of constancy ! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation : he renowns his kind :
His motion is, like heaven's, orbicular,
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine ; Leander, now 'tis thine ;

* Sovereignty, command.

Thou being myself, then it is double mine,
 Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
 Oh, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him !
 For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
 Rich, fruitful love, that, doubling self estates,
 Elixir-like contracts, though separates !
 Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
 As from Leander ever sent to me.'

THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

Hero, in sacred habit deckt,
 Doth private sacrifice effect.
 Her scarf's description, wrought by Fate;
 Ostents that threaten her estate;
 The strange, yet physical, events,
 Leander's counterfeit presents.
 In thunder Cyprides descends,
 Presaging both the lovers' ends:
 Ecte, the goddess of remorse,
 With vocal and articulate force
 Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
 T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
 Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,
 Creates the monster Eronusis,
 Inflaming Hero's sacrifice
 With lightning darted from her eyes;
 And thereof springs the painted beast,
 That ever since taints every breast.

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found
 Her hair and rent robe scattered on the ground;
 Which taking up, she every piece did lay
 Upon an altar, where in youth of day
 She used t' exhibit private sacrifice:
 Those would she offer to the deities
 Of her fair goddess and her powerful son,
 As relics of her late-felt passion;
 And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,
 In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
 Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
 As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.

Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That decked her in her secret sacred deeds ;
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figured chaste desire ;
A golden star shined on her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transformed a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love ;
And for her sake she ever since that time
Chooosed doves to draw her coach through heaven's
blue clime.

Her plenteous hair in curlèd billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustained no more but a most subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord; for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love-deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies ;
Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came :
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame ;
In midst whereof she wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end ;
Which figured the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclined,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander ;
This served her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back :
There, since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea, in one flame, full of ships ;

But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was ;
For in that sea she naked figured him ;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live :
Things senseless live by art, and rational die
By rude contempt of art and industry.
Scarce could she work, but, in her strength of thought,
She feared she pricked Leander as she wrought,
And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frightened,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited :
They double life that dead things' grief sustain ;
They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.
Sometimes she feared he sought her infamy ;
And then, as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill ;
But, as she pricked, it grew more perfect still :
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance ;
The fire of love is blown by dalliance.
In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it :
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
Above the stream ; and with a pure sea-green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.

In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloody beams ;
Which figured her affects in their extremes,
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply ;
For maids take more delight, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that ocean ;*

* Ocean, as may be seen in several instances in this poem, was generally pronounced Ocēan, as in Chaucer.

Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
 The toughened sinews in his neck did swell:
 His inward strains drave out his blood-shot eyes,
 And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise;
 Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
 That in his bosom flew and stung him dead:
 And this by Fate into her mind was sent,
 Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
 At the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
 Near the forked point of the divided flame,
 A country virgin keeping of a vine,
 Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
 Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
 And by her lay her scrip that nourished her.
 Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung;
 And tufts of waving reeds about her sprung,
 Where lurked two foxes, that, while she applied
 Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide,
 One to the vine, another to her scrip,
 That she did negligently overslip;
 By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare
 She suffered spoiled, to make a childish snare.
 These ominous fancies did her soul express,
 And every finger made a prophetess,
 To show what death was hid in love's disguise,
 And make her judgment conquer Destinies.
 Oh, what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
 Were they made seen and forcèd through their blood;
 If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
 They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
 In letting graces from their fingers fly,
 To still their eyas* thoughts with industry;

* Eyas is a young hawk that has left the eyerie or nest, but has not yet mewed or moulted. It is used here, and by Spenser, in the *Hymn of Heavenly Love*, as an adjective, and means, not unfledged, as Mr. Dyce supposes, but untried, inexperienced:—

‘Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings.’

The adjective use of a substantive is common in our language, as when we say crocodile tears, meaning such tears as a crocodile is

That their plied wits in numbered silks might sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,
Pinioned with stories and Arachnean ditties.

Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice:
She odours burned, and from their smoke did rise
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspired;
And then the consecrated sticks she fired,
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew;
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflamed them, burned as red as blood;
All sad ostents of that too near success,
That made such moving beauties motionless.
Then Hero wept; but her affrighted eyes
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for Leander looked,
Searched her soft bosom, and from thence she plucked
His lovely picture: which when she had viewed,
Her beauties were with all love's joys renewed;
The odours sweetened, and the fires burned clear,
Leander's form left no ill object there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had placed in it to make it known,
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, entombed in drossy spirits.
After this accident, (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history,)
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
Did every year, with feasts propitious,
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial price

supposed to shed. Mr. Dyce suggests that *eyas* in the text may be intended to signify restless; but there is no necessity to strain the metaphor. The poet proposes that young maidens should still, or quiet, their thoughts, which are eager and inexperienced, like an *eyas*, by committing them to embroidery.

That were allowed it, as an ornament
 T' enrich their houses, for the continent
 Of the strange virtues all approved it held;
 For even the very look of it repelled
 All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
 In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
 The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
 And make the rankest miser bountiful;
 It killed the fear of thunder and of death;
 The discords that conceit engendereth
 'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease;*
 The flames of love it quenched, and would increase;
 Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
 The dreadful'st comet; it would ease all doubt
 Of threatened mischiefs; it would bring asleep
 Such as were mad; it would enforce to weep
 Most barbarous eyes; and many more effects
 This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects;
 Of which was Hero first; for he whose form,
 Held in her hand, cleared such a fatal storm,
 From hell she thought his person would defend her,
 Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
 With this confirmed, she vowed to banish quite
 All thought of any check to her delight;
 And, in contempt of silly bashfulness,
 She would the faith of her desires profess,
 Where her religion should be policy,
 To follow love with zeal her piety;

* Cease is here used as an active verb—would cause to cease. A profusion of cases in which a broad licence is taken in the use of words may be found in the dramatists. The following passages from Marston's *Sophonisba* are curious examples of the employment of words in unusual forms:—

‘See him by whom now Massinissa is not—’

Meaning, here is the assassin who has just killed Massinissa. Again:—

Sop. ‘As thou art then thyself,

Let her not be.

Syp. She is not!’

That is, Sophonisba demands of Syphax that he shall kill a certain person, to which Syphax replies, Consider it done.

Her chamber her cathedral church should be,
And her Leander her chief deity ;
For in her love these did the gods forego ;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self-greatest part,
That she did make her god ; and 'twas less naught
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life ; for therein lies
Most of her duties and their dignities ;
And, rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still.
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before ;
But she would please the world with fair pretext ;
Love would not leave her conscience perplexed :
Great men that will have less do for them, still
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill ;
Meanness must pander be to Excellence ;
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience :
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she must live with men.
Oh, virtuous love, that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least !
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunder hold,
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
Oh, lovely Hero, nothing is thy sin,
Weighed with those foul faults other priests are in !
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any 'scuse for slubbered duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chairs,
And sweat denouncements 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the graces.

Now, as with settled mind she did repair
 Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravished hair
 And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
 And only for religion's fire did stay,
 She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
 In such a volley as the world did threaten,
 Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
 Descending now to chide with Hero here:
 When suddenly the goddess' waggoners,
 The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,*
 Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
 Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
 To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—
 Graceful *Ædone*† that sweet pleasure loves,
 And ruff-foot *Chreste*‡ with the tufted crown;
 Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown.
 The swans did in the solid flood, her glass,
 Proin their fair plumes;|| of which the fairest was
 Jove-loved *Leucote*,§ that pure brightness is;
 The other bounty-loving *Dapsilis*.¶
 All were in heaven, now they with Hero were:
 But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urgèd fear.
 Her robe was scarlet; black her head's attire;
 And through her naked breast shined streams of fire,
 As when the rarefièd air is driven
 In flashing streams, and opes the darkened heaven.
 In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore;
 And, breaking th' icy wreath sweet Hero wore,

* *Feres*—mates.

† *Ædone* is wrong. It ought to be *Hedone*, from the Greek *ἡδονη*; and the second syllable should be short.

‡ Chapman seems to have here confounded the word *χρηστη* with the Latin *crista*, a crest.

|| *Proin* is derived from the French *provigner*, and means properly to cut the superfluous shoots from vines. In its primary sense the modern word is *prune*; but when it is used metaphorically, for birds dressing or composing their feathers, it is *preen*.

§ Gr. *λευκός*, white.

¶ Gr. *δαψιλής*, abundant.

She forced about her brows her wreath of yew,
 And said, 'Now, minion, to thy fate be true,
 Though not to me; endure what this portends!
 Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
 Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now,
 By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
 Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
 And with her stamp thou countenances must coin;
 Coyness, and pure deceits, for purities,
 And still a maid wilt seem in cozened eyes,
 And have an antic face to laugh within,
 While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
 But since thy lips (least thought forsworn) forswore,
 Be never virgin's vow worth trusting more!'

When Beauty's dearest did her goddess hear
 Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear,
 Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
 That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
 From the sweet conduits of her favour* fell.
 The gentle turtles did with moans make swell
 Their shining gorges; the white black-eyed swans
 Did sing as woful epicedians,†
 As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,
 The goddess Ecte,‡ that had ever been
 Hid in a watery cloud near Hero's cries,
 Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
 Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
 To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
 With anger at her goddess, that did touch
 Hero so near for that she used so much;
 And, thrusting her white neck at Venus, said:
 'Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid,
 Though she be none, as well as you suppress
 In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?

* Countenance. † Singers of dirges, from Greek *επικηδειος*,

‡ Chapman's Greek is so inaccurate, that Ecte is, probably, a mistake for *Æcte*, and intended to be derived from *οίκτος*, pity.

How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love!
Why in your priest, then, call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is your influence?
With this, the Furies stopped Leucote's lips,
Enjoined by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
Which was her torn robe and enforcèd hair;
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, set all on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get releast;
Her arms were all with golden pincers drest,
And twenty-fashioned knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girt with painted snakes;
Her down parts in a scorpion's tail combined,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shined
Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewèd eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares, Tartary,
Than shined about this spirit notorious;
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusis. Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings; and then she bade her haste,—
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgraced
Her rites so much,—and every breast infect
With her deceits: she made her architect
Of all dissimulation; and since then
Never was any trust in maids or men.

Oh, it spited

Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted,

And one she choosed, for temper of her mind,
 To be the only ruler of her kind,
 So soon to let her virgin race be ended!
 Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
 But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,
 Spiteful Diana bade her show but one
 That was her servant vowed, and lived a maid;
 And, now she thought to answer that upbraid,
 Hero had lost her answer: who knows not
 Venus would seem as far from any spot
 Of light demeanour, as the very skin
 'Twixt Cynthia's brows? sin is ashamed of sin.
 Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
 Of Phœbe's laughter, when she passed her sphere:
 And so most ugly-clouded was the light,
 That day was hid in day; night came ere night;
 And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
 Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse,
 Because she was so plentiful a theme
 To such as wore his laurel anademe,*
 Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
 And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
 That, being not thoroughly rarefied to rain,
 Melted like pitch, as blue as any vein;
 And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
 Under their fervour, and the world did think
 In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
 It pierced so deeply, and it burned so blue.

Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
 Leander's picture, as a Persian shield;
 And she was free from fear of worst success:
 The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:
 As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
 Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

* Chaplet or wreath.

'Of garlands, anademes, and wreaths,
 This Nymphal nought but sweetness breathes.'

DRAYTON.—*The Muses' Elysium*, Nymph. V.

THE FIFTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH SESTIAD.

Day doubles her accustomed date,
 As loth the Night, incensed by Fate,
 Should wreck our lovers. Hero's plight;
 Longs for Leander and the night:
 Which ere her thirsty wish recovers,
 She sends for two betrothèd lovers,
 And marries them, that, with their crew,
 Their sports, and ceremonies due,
 She covertly might celebrate,
 With secret joy her own estate.
 She makes a feast, at which appears
 The wild nymph Teras, that still bears
 An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
 And sings at solemn festivals.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
 Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
 Sol and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
 And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:
 That day Aurora double grace obtained
 Of her love Phœbus; she his horses reined,
 Set on his golden knee, and, as she list,
 She pulled him back; and, as she pulled, she kissed,
 To have him turn to bed: he loved her more,
 To see the love Leander Hero bore:
 Examples profit much; ten times in one,
 In persons full of note, good deeds are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleep;
 The heavy humours that their eyes did steep
 Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
 For covetous churls and for ambitious heads,
 That, spite of Nature, would their business ply:
 All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
 Men grovelled so upon the smothered ground;
 And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.
 The gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
 Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
 Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:
 But Death before had stopped their cruel ears.

All the celestials parted mourning then,
Pierced with our human miseries more than men :
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill !

With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,
For young Alcmane and bright Mya* sent,
Two lovers that had long craved marriage-dues
At Hero's hands : but she did still refuse ;
For lovely Mya was her consort vowed
In her maid state, and therefore not allowed
To amorous nuptials : yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her :
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came ; sweet Music ushered th' odorous way,
And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danced
After her fingers ; Beauty and Love advanced
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcomed them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That, when her fault should chance t' abide the
light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.
She married them ; and in the banquet came,
Borne by the virgins. Hero strived to frame
Her thoughts to mirth : ah me ! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forcèd bliss ;
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.

* Former editors very naturally ask whether these names are not mistakes for Alcmaeon and Maia.

Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink :
Who fears the threats of Fortune, let him drink.

To these quick nuptials entered suddenly
Admirèd Teras with the ebon thigh ;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs and on solemn days,
Singing prophetic elegies and lays,
And fingering of a silver lute she tied
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was termed his dwarf, she was so small :
Yet great in virtue, for his beams enclosed
His virtues in her ; never was proposed
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolved it ; never slight tale flew
From her charmed lips, without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.

This little sylvan, with her songs and tales
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though ofttimes she forewent* tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleased their eyes ;
And for her smallness they admired her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.

All eyes were on her. Hero did command
An altar decked with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.
Then all were silent ; every one so hears,
As all their senses climbed into their ears :
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell.

The Tale of Teras.

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,

* Went before—preceded.

Of Athens was, a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race ;
Such quickening brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart ;
In such pure leagues his beauties were combined,
That there your nuptial contracts first were signed ;
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held, without the other, fair ;
All spring together, all together fade ;
Such intermixed affections should invade
Two perfect lovers ; which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye ;
And that, in Hymen, pleased so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteemed in their full grace,
Like form and colour mixed in Hymen's face ;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men :
So Hymen looked, that even the chastest mind
He moved to join in joys of sacred kind ;
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted ;
And as he was so loved, he loved so too :
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.

Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen loved
With such transmission, that his heart removed
From his white breast to hers : but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate*
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love ;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove

* Disproportioned, unequal.

How his rare beauty's music would agree
 With maids in consort ; therefore robbèd he
 His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
 And, clad in such attire as virgins wore,
 He kept them company ; and might right well,
 For he did all but Eucharis excel
 In all the fair* of beauty : yet he wanted
 Virtue to make his own desires implanted
 In his dear Eucharis ; for women never
 Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
 His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
 Nor, past due means, presume of due success,
 Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed
 To his best prayers : but strange it seemed, indeed,
 That Fortune should a chaste affection bless :
 Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
 Nor graced it Hymen yet ; but many a dart,
 And many an amorous thought, enthrellèd† his heart
 Ere he obtained her ; and he sick became,
 Forced to abstain her sight ; and then the flame
 Raged in his bosom. Oh, what grief did fill him !
 Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
 The virgins wondered where Diætia stayed,
 For so did Hymen term himself, a maid.
 At length with sickly looks he greeted them :
 'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
 A lover strives ; poor Hymen looked so ill,
 That as in merit he increasèd still
 By suffering much, so he in grace decreased :
 Women are most won, when men merit least :
 If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by ;
 Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
 And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
 Deceiving still these maids, but himself most,
 His love and he with many virgin dames,
 Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,

* Fairness.

† Pierced.—See, *ante*, p. 158, note †.

Leaving the town with songs and hallowed lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers, that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforced their shining spoil,
Far from the darkened city, tired with toil:
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty
To their bright fellows of this under-heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven,—
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion;
Where, weary of the journey they had gone, [gains,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet
Dull Morpheus entered, laden with silken chains,
Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins
And tirèd senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burned,
Oh, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourned,
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms
Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so showed their eyes their tears:
And, as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he ate, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine;
The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eyne,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes;
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual rays,
One lights another, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kissed, and hands hands shook,
Even by the whiteness each of other took.
But Hymen now used friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescued every maid:

And now did his enamoured passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him
To make him love or stay, he nimbly turned
Into Love's self, he so extremely burned.
And thus came Love, with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first, like the flower
That Juno's milk did spring, the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offered it Eucharis. She, wondrous coy,
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And, drawing it near, mixed so you could not know it:
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white.
She viewed it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits; for, as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
Even so with colours forms emitted be;
And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form:
He entered at the eye; his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument:
It stirred her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it raged the more,
Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and, as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green-haired Hellespont, broke in silver curls,
'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale;

So ebb'd and flow'd in Eucharis's face,
 Coyness and Love striv'd which had greatest grace;
 Virginity did fight on Coyness' side,
 Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride
 Loathing the lower place, more than it loves
 The high contents desert and virtue moves.
 With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valour,*
 Which scarce could so much favour yet allure
 To come to strike, but fameless idle stood:
 Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
 But Love once entered, wished no greater aid
 Than he could find within; thought thought betrayed;
 The bribed, but incorrupted, garrison
 Sung 'Io Hymen;' there those songs begun,
 And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
 And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
 That he would turn into her roughest frowns
 To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
 King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:
 This was his first brave step to deity.

Home to the mourning city they repair,
 With news as wholesome as the morning air,
 To the sad parents of each savèd maid:
 But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
 This plot, to make the flame of their delight
 Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.

Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
 Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
 And as the world rewards deserts, that law
 Cannot assist with force; so when they saw

* In the former editions this word is printed *valure*, which one editor explains as meaning 'worth;' upon which Mr. Dyce has the following note:—'No: it is certainly *valour*, the spelling being altered (as in several other words throughout this poem) for the sake of the rhyme. Compare the third line after this, and a subsequent line—'Praise Hymen's *valour* much, nothing bestown.' This note is not quite satisfactory. *Valour* and *value* both originally meant *worth*, as being derived from the French *valeur*; but the former came in time to be exclusively applied to worthiness in the field, or bravery. There is no necessity, for the sake of the rhyme, to adopt the artificial ortho-

Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own.
 Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown ;
 Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
 Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
 If to restore them all with fame and life,
 He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
 This told to all the maids, the most agree :
 The riper sort, knowing what 'tis to be
 The first mouth of a news so far derived,
 And that to hear and bear news brave folks lived,
 As being a carriage special hard to bear
 Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
 They did with grace protest, they were content
 T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
 For Hymen's good ; but to incur their harm,
 There he must pardon them. This wit went warm
 To Adolesche's* brain, a nymph born high,
 Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly :
 Her heart and all her forces' nether train
 Climbed to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
 Since it could go no higher ; and it must go ;
 All powers she had, even her tongue did so :
 In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
 And loved her tongue, only for quickness' sake ;
 And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay :
 Hymen goes one, the nymph another way ;
 And what became of her I'll tell at last :
 Yet take her visage now ;—moist-lipped, long-faced,
 Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
 As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart :
 Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.
 And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
 His welcome suit, which he with joy aspired :
 A hundred princely youths with him retired

graphy of former editions. *Valour*, accented as above on the last syllable, as it always is in old English, is better than *valure* as a rhyme for *allure*.

* ἀδολέσχης, garrulous.

To fetch the nymphs; chariots and music went:
And home they came: heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First, gold-locked Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick offering burned in flames of hair;
And after, with a virgin firmament
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all: she looked in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gripped all their beauties, and crushed out one flame;
She blushed to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next, before her went
Five lovely children, decked with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by;
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To show the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts: men therefore deem,
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal, nought in middle left
To reunite each part from other reft;
And five they hold in most especial prize,*
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are; which are two and three;
For one no number is; but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next, did go

* Price, value. See *post*, p. 220.

A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A huswife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that even the daintest piece
And noblest-born dame should industrious be :
That which does good disgraceth no degree.

And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage-room :
On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribands of white and blue :
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to show the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must bind
In one self-sacred knot each other's mind.
Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature
And every other birth produced by Nature,
Moisture and heat must mix : so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrificed, and took the gall away ;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteemed too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said,
She boldly took the man ; and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected
To chaste Agneia, which is Shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.
And now to feasts, masques, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops returned, even till earth-throes

Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night
When the sweet nuptial song, that used to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonœe sung,
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses' well: she sung before
The bride into her chamber; at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:
A painted box of comfits in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compassed round the honoured nuptial room.
The custom was, that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhood, a silken sphere
About her waist, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage-night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternised* Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolved so, sweetly cried.
The maids that heard, so loved and did adore her,
They wished with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with comfits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of comfits rains;
For which the bride-youths scrambling on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her cries were drowned.
And thus blest Hymen joyed his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,
Sharp-visaged Adolesche, that was strayed
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this hour th' Athenian turrets views;

* From the French *éterniser*, to make eternal. The word, although not obsolete, is now rarely used.

And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
 That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
 And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
 For those rare news, which she came short to tell.
 To hear her dear tongue robbed of such a joy,
 Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy,
 That down she sunk: when lightning from above
 Shrunk her lean body, and, for mere free love,
 Turned her into the pied-plumed Psittacus,
 That now the Parrot is surnamed by us,
 Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
 Nought but news common to the commonest mates.—
 This told, strange Teras touched her lute, and sung
 This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

Epithalamion Teratos.

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses,
 Sweet close of his ambitious line,
 The fruitful summer of his blisses!
 Love's glory doth in darkness shine.

Oh, come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
 Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
 The reaped harvest of the light,
 Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire!
 Love calls to war;
 Sighs his alarms,
 Lips his swords are,
 The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
 On glorious Day's outfacing face;
 And all thy crownèd flames command,
 For torches to our nuptial grace!
 Love calls to war;
 Sighs his alarms,
 Lips his swords are,
 The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,

To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way :

Here Beauty's day doth never cease ;

Day is abstracted here,

And varied in a triple sphere.

Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,

Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.

Love calls to war ;

Sighs his alarms,

Lips his swords are,

The field his arms.

The evening star I see :

Rise, youths ! the evening star

Helps Love to summon war ;

Both now embracing be.

[rise !

Rise, youths ! Love's rite claims more than banquets ;

Now the bright marigolds, that deck the skies,

Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary

To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,

And shut when he doth open, crown your sports :

Now Love in Night, and Night in Love exhorts

Courtship and dances : all your parts employ,

And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy.

Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes : [rise !

Rise, youths ! Love's rite claims more than banquets ;

Rise, virgins ! let fair nuptial loves enfold

Your fruitless breasts : the maidenheads ye hold

Are not your own alone, but parted are ;

Part in disposing them your parents share,

And that a third part is ; so must ye save

Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.

Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes : [rise !

Rise, youths ! Love's rite claims more than banquets ;

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind

To Teras' hair, and combed it down with wind,

Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
 Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
 To blow it down: which, staring up, dismayed
 The timorous feast; and she no longer stayed;
 But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
 Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide
 Out of their sights: the turning of her back
 Made them all shriek, it looked so ghastly black.
 Oh, hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
 Thy soon-succeeding tragedy foreshowed.
 Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart;
 But much-wrung Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:
 Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
 I use digressions thus t' increase the day.

THE SIXTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH SESTIAD.

Leucote flies to all the Winds,
 And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
 That Hero and her love may meet.
 Leander, with Love's complete fleet
 Manned in himself, puts forth to seas;
 When straight the ruthless Destinies,
 With Até, stir the winds to war
 Upon the Hellespont; their jar
 Drowns poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
 Wet witnesses of his surprise,
 Her torch blown out, grief casts her down
 Upon her love, and both doth drown:
 In whose just ruth the god of seas
 Transforms them to th' Acanthides.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
 Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
 Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts
 Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
 Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
 Day's too-long darts so killed their faculties.
 The Winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
 For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
 That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
 Like to a field of snow, and message brings

From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
 Their charge upon the Winds their rage to stay,
 That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
 And guard Leander to his love in peace.
 The Fates consent;—ah me, dissembling Fates!—
 They showed their favours to conceal their hates,
 And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
 Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
 Who like a fleering slavish parasite,
 In warping profit or a traitorous sleight,
 Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,*
 And pricks his descant face full of false notes;†
 Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
 As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
 Kissing his skipping hand with charmèd skips,
 That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
 Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless quean
 Sharp at a red-lipped youth, and nought doth mean
 Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
 More tender fawns, and takes a scattered hair
 From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
 For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
 With backward humbless, to give needless way:
 Thus his false fate did with Leander play.

First to black Eurys flies the white Leucote,
 (Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,
 On whose curled head the glowing sun doth rise,)
 And shows the sovereign will of Destinies,
 To have him cease his blasts; and down he lies.
 Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
 And found him leaning, with his arms in folds,

* Possibly a contraction of *devotions*, which was commonly employed to signify consecrated things; or the meaning may be religious vows, which used to be denoted by some outward sign worn on the person, such as a cross, or some particular kind of dress.

† A metaphor drawn from the art of descant, or harmonizing. The flatterer is said to sophisticate truth, as a professor of the art of descant corrupts a simple melody by false notes. Musical notes used to be called pricks, and noted music prick-song.

Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers ;
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice :
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravished love,
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow ;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire ;
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gums and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price*
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfumed must give it light.
She loved it so, she grieved to see it burn,
Since it would waste, and soon to ashes turn :
Yet, if it burned not, 'twere not worth her eyes ;
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glass of our society !
What man does good, but he consumes thereby ?
But thou wert loved for good, held high, given show ;
Poor virtue loathed for good, obscured, held low :
Do good, be pined, be deedless good, disgraced ;
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend :
When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend
It should be made a torch ; but we, that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it : nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids ; but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief, we fight :
The right of nought is gleaned, but the delight.

* See *ante*, p. 213.

Up went she: but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended!
She was the rule of wishes, sum, and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend:
Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her desires awakèd,
Her love and virtues clothed him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue;
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.

Now at opposed Abydos nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;
Blows of broad axes; pourings out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mixed and stained
With bloody torrent that the shambles rained;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followèd.
More blood was spilt, more honours were addrest,
Than could have gracèd any happy feast;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand; no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage-violence;
And no man knew the cause of this expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmised:
As short was he of that himself so prized,
As is an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,
That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears;
Hath seen the hot Low Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet;

And, for your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard
 Giving instructions with his very beard;
 Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
 A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene;
 And then puts all his worth in such a face
 As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
 To get his news forth: as when you descry
 A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
 Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
 Now crosseth here, now there, then this way rapt,
 And then hath one point reached, then alters all,
 And to another crookèd reach doth fall
 Of half a bird-bolt's shoot,* keeping more coil
 Than if she danced upon the ocean's toil;
 So serious is his trifling company,
 In all his swelling ship of vacantry.
 And so short of himself in his high thought
 Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
 And in his fort of love that he thought won;
 But otherwise he scorns comparison.

Oh, sweet Leander, thy large worth I hide
 In a short grave! ill-favoured storms must chide
 Thy sacred favour;† I in floods of ink
 Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
 Even as thy beauties did the foul black seas;
 I must describe the hell of thy decease,
 That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see
 Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
 Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
 The seats of Virtue, cutting short as dust
 Her dear-bought issue: ill to worse converts,
 And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

* An arrow that was made blunt with a knob or button instead of a point, so that it should strike without piercing, was called a bird-bolt.

‘Some boundless ignorance should on sudden shoot
 His gross-knobbed burbolt.’

MARSTON—*What You Will*.—*Induction*.

† See *ante*, p. 201, note *.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet.
Who feigned he in another ship would pass :
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Formed in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him ; to whom he shewed
His guide by sea, and said, ' Oft have you viewed
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister ! see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her appears ; each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourned
To be by influence of earth out-burned.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth Virtue's train
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign,
Though even the gods themselves do so entreat them
As they did hate, and earth as she would eat them.'

Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,*
Thickening for haste, one in another, so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Até hasted
To all the Winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy ;
And forth they brake, the seas mixed with the sky,
And tossed distressed Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven : bliss not in height doth dwell.

* Clipped, embraced.

The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious Winds with mutual braves
Consume each other : oh, true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories ! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus ; she denied,—
To Boreas, that, for his Atthæa's sake,
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires :
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
Then called he Neptune, who, through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wracked Leander's voice,
And up he rose ; for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst heaven's hard crystal ; his proud waves he
smit

With his forked sceptre, that could not obey ;
Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them sway.
They loved Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him ; and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath :
But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile Winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state :
She wept, and prayed for him to every Fate ;
And every Wind that whipped her with her hair
About the face, she kissed and spake it fair,
Kneeled to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst : but still their cruelties
Even her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
The bating flame from that dear food it eat ;
Dear, for it nourished her Leander's life,
Which with her robe she rescued from their strife :
But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break ;
And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it ; out, oh, out it went !
Leander still called Neptune, that now rent

His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase;
And, burst with ruth, he hurled his marble mace
At the stern Fates: it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune raged, the more he rased
His love's life's fort, and killed as he embraced:
Anger doth still his own mishap increase;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.
Oh, thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence!
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things; sense-sport preserves a bear:
But here nought serves our turns: oh, heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth!
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorned their smart.
She bowed herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him:
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel;—jewel!—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleased not her
Like his dear name: 'Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander! Oh, my voice,
Turn to Leander! henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that show all griefs' wounds,
Analysed in Leander! Oh, black change!
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange,
Drive out this change's horror! My voice faints:
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints!
Thus cried she; for her mixèd soul could tell
Her love was dead: and when the Morning fell

Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
 Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did show
 Leander brought by Neptune, bruised and torn
 With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn,
 To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
 Though they could get of him no other good.*
 She saw him, and the sight was much, much more
 Than might have served to kill her: should her store
 Of giant sorrows speak?—Burst,—die,—bleed,
 And leave poor complaints to us that shall succeed.
 She fell on her love's bosom, hugged it fast,
 And with Leander's name she breathed her last.

Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
 Flung them into the air, and did awake them
 Like two sweet birds, surnamed th' Acanthides,
 Which we call Thistle-warps,† that near no seas
 Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
 And feed on thistle-tops, to testify
 The hardness of their first life in their last;
 The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
 And so most beautiful their colours show,
 As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
 A sable velvet feather covers quite,
 Even like the forehead-cloth that, in the night,
 Or when they sorrow, ladies use to wear:
 Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mixed appear;
 Colours that, as we construe colours, paint
 Their states to life;—the yellow shows their saint,
 The dainty Venus, left them; blue, their truth;
 The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
 And this true honour from their love-death sprung,—
 They were the first that ever poet sung.

* Usuring rocks—rocks as greedy of blood as an usurer who, although he cannot recover his money, will have his debtor's life. The allusion is probably to the story of Shylock, which was familiar in several forms before it was dramatised by Shakspeare.

† The thistle-warp is not the linnet, as stated in a former edition, but the goldfinch, so called because it feeds chiefly on the seeds of the thistle. It is called in French *chardonneret*, from *chardon*, a thistle. The description given in the text of the colours of the bird's plumage exactly agrees with that of the goldfinch.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

[THIS charming song was originally printed (with the exception of the fourth and sixth stanzas) in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a miscellany of poems written by different persons, although fraudulently ascribed on the title-page to Shakspeare. — See Shakspeare's *Poems*, An. Ed., p. 237. *The Passionate Pilgrim* was published in 1599, and in the following year the song, as it is here given, with the exception of the stanza in brackets, appeared under Marlowe's name in *England's Helicon*. In 1653, Isaak Walton reprinted it with the additional stanza, in his *Complete Angler*. Few compositions of this kind have enjoyed a wider or more enduring popularity, or suggested more remarkable imitations. The music to which it was sung was discovered by Sir John Hawkins in a MS. of the age of Elizabeth, and will be found in Boswell's edition of Malone's *Shakspeare*, and in Chappell's collection of *National English Airs*. Numerous ballads and songs were composed to the air of 'Come live with me and be my love;' and there is some ground for believing that Marlowe's words had displaced a still earlier song, 'Adieu, my dear,' to the same tune. See Chappell's *National Songs*, ii. 139. Shakspeare quotes *The Passionate Shepherd* in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1, and Raleigh, Herrick, and Donne have either written answers to it, or constructed poems on the plan of which it may be regarded as the model.* Sir John Hawkins, who considers the song to be 'a beautiful one,' nevertheless objects to the want of truthfulness in its pastoral images. 'Buckles of gold,' he observes, 'coral clasps, and amber studs, silver

* Raleigh's answer, from the *Nymph to the Shepherd*, is printed immediately after Marlowe's poem in *England's Helicon*. It is said that in the earliest copies the initials W. R. were subscribed to the verses, but that the common signature, Ignoto, was afterwards pasted over them, because, as it has been generally supposed, Raleigh did not desire to be known. For the full consideration of the question of authorship, see the Rev. John Hannah's careful edition of the poems of Walton, Raleigh, and others, p. 125. The following is the answer, with an additional stanza from the Second Edition of the *Complete*

dishes and ivory tables are luxurious, and consist not with the parsimony and simplicity of rural life and manners.' This criticism would be more just if it were not quite so literal. Allowance should be made for the fanciful treatment of the subject; nor is it at all certain that the silver dishes and ivory tables, which carry the luxuries of the Shepherd's life to the last excess of inconsistency, are really chargeable upon Marlowe. The rest of the poem breathes the pure air of the country, even to the coral clasps and

Angler, interpolated, possibly by Walton himself. Walton's stanza is enclosed in brackets:—

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

[What should we talk of dainties, then,—
Of better meats than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good,
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.]

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Still more beautiful than this ingenious reply, and presenting a more expanded picture of rural delights than the original poem, is a second piece signed Ignoto in *England's Helicon*, professedly founded on Marlowe's song. It is entitled *Another of the same natur mad*

amber studs, which Sir John Hawkins takes to be veritable jewellery, but which, being found in association with a girdle of straw and ivy buds, were apparently intended to typify the blossoms of flowers. For a passage in one of the plays attributed to Marlowe closely resembling the stanza objected to by Hawkins, see Lamb's *Dram. Spec.*, i. 18.]

COME live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

since, and begins with the following stanza, in which Marlowe's opening is reproduced :—

Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

Donne's imitation, called *The Bait*, also resumes Marlowe's opening, but takes the subject out of the region of nature into that of artifices and conceits. The following is the first verse :—

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

Herrick's poem, which has more of the true rustic nature than any of the others, follows its model almost as closely in the opening stanza :—

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee;
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.

Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;
 A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And, if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me, and be my love.

[Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepared each day for thee and me.]*

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May-morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

FRAGMENT.†

I WALKED along a stream, for pureness rare,
 Brighter than sun-shine; for it did acquaint
 The dullest sight with all the glorious prey
 That in the pebble-pavèd channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,
 Even Nature's rarest alchemy ran there,—
 Diamonds resolved, and substance more divine,
 Through whose bright-gliding current might appear
 A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
 Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
 Than ever was that glorious palace' gate
 Where the day-shining Sun in triumph sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
 The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
 As kind companions, in one union grows,
 Folding their twining arms, as oft we see

* This stanza is taken from the reprint of the poem in the Second Edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*. From what source Walton obtained it is unknown. In the same way, it will be seen from the previous note, he supplies an additional stanza to Raleigh's *Answer*.

† Extracted from *England's Parnassus*, 1600.

Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
 Lending to dulness feeling sympathy ;
 And as a costly valance o'er a bed,
 So did their garland-tops the brook o'erspread.

Their leaves, that differed both in shape and show,
 Though all were green, yet difference such in green,
 Like to the checkered bent of Iris' bow,
 Prided the running main, as it had been—

DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

[THIS Dialogue was first published by Mr. Collier in his volume of *Alleyn Papers*, edited for the Shakspeare Society. The original MS., found amongst the documents of Dulwich College, was written in prose on one side of a sheet of paper, with the name 'Kitt Marlowe' inscribed in a modern hand on the back. 'What connexion, if any, he may have had with it,' says Mr. Collier, 'it is impossible to determine, but it was obviously worthy of preservation, as a curious stage relic of an early date, and unlike anything else of the kind that has come down to us.' The words in brackets were deficient in the original, and have been supplied by Mr. Collier. The Dialogue was probably intended as an interlude in a play, or as an entertainment, terminating with a dance, after a play. It is essentially dramatic in character; but it would be rash to speculate upon the authorship from the internal evidence.]

JACK.

SEEST thou not yon farmer's son?
 He hath stolen my love from me, alas!
 What shall I do? I am undone;
 My heart will ne'er be as it was.
 Oh, but he gives her gay gold rings,
 And tufted gloves [for] holiday,
 And many other goodly things,
 That hath stoln my love away.

FRIEND.

Let him give her gay gold rings
Or tufted gloves, were they ne'er so [gay];
Or were her lovers lords or kings,
They should not carry the wench away.

JACK.

But a' dances wonders well,
And with his dances stole her love from me:
Yet she wont to say I bore the bell
For dancing and for courtesy.

DICK.

Fie, lusty younker, what do you here,
Not dancing on the green to-day?
For Pierce, the farmer's son, I fear,
Is like to carry your wench away.

JACK.

Good Dick, bid them all come hither,
And tell Pierce from me beside,
That, if he think to have the wench,
Here he stands shall lie with the bride.

DICK.

Fie, Nan, why use thy old lover so,
For any other new-come guest?
Thou long time his love did know;
Why shouldst thou not use him best?

NAN.

Bonny Dick, I will not forsake
My bonny Rowland for any gold:
If he can dance as well as Pierce,
He shall have my heart in hold.

PIERCE.

Why, then, my hearts, let's to this gear;
And by dancing I may won
My Nan, whose love I hold so dear
As any realm under the sun.

GENTLEMAN.

Then, gentles, ere I speed from hence,
 I will be so bold to dance
 A turn or two without offence;
 For, as I was walking along by chance,
 I was told you did agree.

FRIEND.

'Tis true, good sir; and this is she
 Hopes your worship comes not to crave her;
 For she hath lovers two or three,
 And he that dances best must have her.

GENTLEMAN.

How say you, sweet, will you dance with me?
 And you [shall] have both land and [hill];
 My love shall want nor gold nor fee.

NAN.

I thank you, sir, for your good will,
 But one of these my love must be:
 I'm but a homely country maid,
 And far unfit for your degree;
 [To dance with you I am afraid.]

FRIEND.

Take her, good sir, by the hand,
 As she is fairest: were she fairer,
 By this dance, you shall understand,
 He that can win her is like to wear her.

FOOL.

And saw you not [my] Nan to-day,
 My mother's maid have you not seen?
 My pretty Nan is gone away
 To seek her love upon the green.
 [I cannot see her 'mong so many:]
 She shall have me, if she have any.

NAN.

Welcome, sweetheart, and welcome here,
 Welcome, my [true] love, now to me.

This is my love [and my darling dear],
 And that my husband [soon] must be.
 And boy, when thou com'st home, thou'lt see
 Thou art as welcome home as he.

GENTLEMAN.

Why, how now, sweet Nan? I hope you jest.

NAN.

No, by my troth, I love the fool the best:
 And, if you be jealous, God give you good-night!
 I fear you're a gelding, you caper so light.

GENTLEMAN.

I thought she had jested and meant but a fable,
 But now do I see she hath played with his bable.
 I wish all my friends by me to take heed, [speed.
 That a fool come not near you when you mean to

*In obitum honoratissimi viri, ROGERI MANWOOD,**
Militis, Quæstorii Reginalis Capitalis Baronis.

NOCTIVAGI terror, ganeonis triste flagellum,
 Et Jovis Alcides, rigido vulturque latroni,
 Urnâ subtegitur. Scelerum, gaudete, nepotes!
 Insons, luctificâ sparsis cervice capillis,
 Plange! fori lumen, venerandæ gloria legis,
 Occidit: heu, secum effœtas Acherontis ad oras
 Multa abiit virtus. Pro tot virtutibus uni,
 Livor, parce viro; non audacissimus esto
 Illius in cineres, cujus tot millia vultus
 Mortalium attonuit: sic cum te nuntia Ditis
 Vulneret exsanguis, feliciter ossa quiescant,
 Famaque marmorei superet monumenta sepulcri.

* Sir Roger Manwood was a native of Sandwich, where he was born in 1525. He went into the profession of the law, in which he early acquired a high reputation, and after having been appointed Justice of the Common Pleas in 1572, was made Chief Baron of the Exchequer, with the dignity of knighthood, in 1578. Sir Roger resided at St. Stephen's, near Canterbury, where he died on the 14th December, 1592. He was buried in the church of St. Stephen's, where there is a costly monument to his memory, which he caused to be erected himself.

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN.

TO HIS KIND AND TRUE FRIEND, EDWARD BLUNT.

BLUNT, I purpose to be blunt with you, and, out of my dulness, to encounter you with a Dedication in memory of that pure elemental wit, Chr. Marlowe, whose ghost or genius is to be seen walk the Churchyard in, at the least, three or four sheets. Methinks you should presently look wild now, and grow humorously frantic upon the taste of it. Well, lest you should, let me tell you, this spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, *Lucan's First Book translated*; which, in regard of your old right in it, I have raised in the circle of your patronage. But stay now, Edward: if I mistake not, you are to accommodate yourself with some few instructions, touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possessed of; and to study them for your better grace, as our gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud, and think you have merit enough in you, though you are ne'er so empty; then, when I bring you the book, take physic, and keep state; assign me a time by your man to come again; and, afore the day, be sure to have changed your lodging; in the mean time sleep little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry jest or two, which you may happen to utter, with some little, or not at all, marking of your friends, when you have found a place for them to come in at; or, if by chance something has dropped from you worth the taking up, weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it; censure scornfully enough, and somewhat like a traveller; commend nothing, lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. These things, if you can mould yourself to them, Ned, I make no question but they will not become you. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is, to give nothing; yes, thy love I will challenge as my peculiar object, both in this, and, I hope, many more succeeding offices. Farewell: I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this nature: leave to think good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship,

THOMAS THORPE.*

WARS worse than civil on Thessalian plains,
And outrage strangling law, and people strong,

* Thorpe, and Blunt, to whom this dedication was addressed, were both booksellers.

We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts
launched,

Armies allied, the kingdom's league uprooted,
Th' affrighted world's force bent on public spoil,
Trumpets and drums, like deadly, threatening other,
Eagles alike displayed, darts answering darts.

Romans, what madness, what huge lust of war,
Hath made barbarians drunk with Latin blood?
Now Babylon, proud through our spoil, should stoop,
While slaughtered Crassus' ghost walks unrevenged,*
Will ye wage war, for which you shall not triumph?
Ah me! oh, what a world of land and sea
Might they have won whom civil broils have slain!
As far as Titan springs, where night dims heaven,
Ay, to the torrid zone where mid-day burns,
And where stiff winter, whom no spring resolves
Fetters the Euxine Sea with chains of ice;
Scythia and wild Armenia had been yoked,
And they of Nilus' mouth, if there live any.
Rome, if thou take delight in impious war,
First conquer all the earth, then turn thy force
Against thyself: as yet thou wants not foes.
That now the walls of houses half-reared totter,
That rampires fallen down, huge heaps of stone
Lie in our towns, that houses are abandoned,
And few live that behold their ancient seats;
Italy many years hath lien untilled [hinds;—
And choked with thorns; that greedy earth wants
Fierce Pyrrhus, neither thou nor Hannibal
Art cause; no foreign foe could so afflict us:
These plagues arise from wreak of civil power.
But if for Nero, then unborn, the Fates
Would find no other means, and gods not slightly
Purchase immortal thrones, nor Jove joyed heaven
Until the cruel giants' war was done;
We plain not, Heavens, but gladly bear these evils

* Crassus, member of the first triumvirate with Cæsar and Pompey, put to death by Surena, general of the Parthians under Orodes the king, after having lost 20,000 men.

For Nero's sake: Pharsalia groan with slaughter,
 And Carthage's souls be glutted with our bloods!
 At Munda* let the dreadful battles join;
 Add, Cæsar, to these ills, Perusian famine,†
 The Mutin toils,‡ the fleet at Leuca§ sunk,
 And cruel field near burning Ætna fought!||
 Yet Rome is much bound to these civil arms, [old,
 Which made thee emperor. Thee (seeing thou, being
 Must shine a star) shall heaven (whom thou lovest)
 Receive with shouts; where thou wilt reign as king,
 Or mount the Sun's flame-bearing chariot,
 And with bright restless fire compass the earth,
 Undaunted though her former guide be changed;
 Nature and every power shall give thee place,
 What god it please thee be, or where to sway.
 But neither choose the north t'erect thy seat,
 Not yet the adverse reeking southern pole, [beams.¶
 Whence thou shouldst view thy Rome with squinting
 If any one part of vast heaven thou swayest,
 The burdened axis with thy force will bend:
 The midst is best; that place is pure and bright;
 There, Cæsar, mayst thou shine, and no cloud dim thee.

* A small town in Hispania Bætica, where Cæsar defeated the sons of Pompey.

† An allusion to the siege of Perugia (now Perugia) by Augustus, who compelled L. Antonius to surrender for want of provision.

‡ These were two battles fought at Mudina (now Modena) between the consuls Pansa and Hirtius on the one side, and Marcus Antonius on the other, in which the latter was defeated.

§ An island in the Ionian sea, near the promontory of Actium, where Augustus destroyed the fleet of Marcus Antonius.

|| Probably an allusion to a naval battle between Octavius and the sons of Pompey, for in the original there is nothing about a field. Rowe, though not generally so close as Marlowe, gives the sense here more faithfully:—

‘ Though meagre famine in Perugia reign,
 Though Mutina with battle fills the plain,
 Though Leuca's isle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
 Record the rage of Actium's fatal day,’ &c.

¶ All the Cæsars were enrolled amongst the gods. The advice to Nero to choose a seat in heaven neither to the north nor south, but in the midst, appears to be an exhortation to impartiality between the parties of Cæsar and Pompey, the former of whom gained his renown by the conquest of the northern, the latter of the southern nations.

Then men from war shall bide in league and ease,
Peace through the world from Janus' fane shall fly,
And bolt the brazen gates with bars of iron.
Thou, Cæsar, at this instant art my god:
Thee if I invoke, I shall not need
To crave Apollo's aid or Bacchus' help;
Thy power inspires the Muse that sings this war.

The causes first I purpose to unfold
Of these garboils,* whence springs a long discourse;
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The Fates are envious, high seats quickly perish,
Under great burdens falls are ever grievous:
Rome was so great it could not bear itself.
So when this world's compounded union breaks,
Time ends, and to old Chaos all things turn,
Confused stars shall meet, celestial fire
Fleet† on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shore, and Phoebe's wain
Chase Phœbus, and enraged affect his place,
And strive to shine by day, and full of strife
Dissolve the engines of the broken world.
All great things crush themselves; such end the gods
Allot the height of honour; men so strong
By land and sea, no foreign force could ruin.
Oh, Rome, thyself art cause of all these evils,
Thyself thus shivered out to three men's shares!
Dire league of partners in a kingdom last not.
Oh, faintly-joined friends, with ambition blind,
Why join you force to share the world betwixt you?
While th' earth the sea, and air the earth sustains,
While Titan strives against the world's swift course,
Or Cynthia, night's queen, waits upon the day,
Shall never faith be found in fellow kings:
Dominion cannot suffer partnership.
This need[s] no foreign proof nor far-fet story:
Rome's infant walls were steeped in brother's blood;
Nor then was land or sea, to breed such hate;
A town with one poor church set them at odds.

* Turmoils.

† Float.

Cæsar's and Pompey's jarring love soon ended,
 'Twas peace against their wills; betwixt them both
 Stepped Crassus in. Even as the slender isthmus
 Betwixt the Ægean and the Ionian sea
 Keeps each from other, but being worn away,
 They both burst out, and each encounter other;
 So whenas Crassus' wretched death, who stayed them,
 Had filled Assyrian Carra's walls with blood,
 His loss made way for Roman outrages.
 Parthians, y'afflict us more than ye suppose;
 Being conquered, we are plagued with civil war.
 Swords share our empire: Fortune, that made Rome
 Govern the earth, the sea, the world itself,
 Would not admit two lords; for Julia,*
 Snatched hence by cruel Fates, with ominous howls
 Bare down to hell her son, the pledge of peace,
 And all bands of that death-presaging alliance.
 Julia, had heaven given thee longer life,
 Thou hadst restrained thy headstrong husband's rage,
 Yea, and thy father too, and, swords thrown down,
 Made all shake hands, as once the Sabines did:
 Thy death broke amity, and trained to war
 These captains emulous of each other's glory. [dim
 Thou fear'd'st, great Pompey, that late deeds would
 Old triumphs, and that Cæsar's conquering France†
 Would dash the wreath thou war'st for pirates' wrack:
 Thee war's use stirred, and thoughts that always
 A second place. Pompey could bide no equal, [scorned
 Nor Cæsar no superior: which of both
 Had justest cause, unlawful 'tis to judge:

* The daughter of J. Cæsar, who married her to Pompey, to cement their alliance. Upon her death in childbed, dissensions soon broke out between them.

† Gaul is throughout the poem called France, which is an obvious mistake, as the latter name was not given to Gaul till it had been conquered by the Franks, after the destruction of the Roman Empire. Rowe is here also more accurate:—

'The famed piratic laurel seems to fade
 Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade;
 His Gallic wreaths thou view'st with anxious eyes,
 Above thy naval crown triumphant rise.'

Each side had great partakers ; Cæsar's cause
The gods abetted, Cato liked the other.
Both differed much. Pompey was strook in years,
And by long rest forgot to manage arms,
And, being popular, sought by liberal gifts
To gain the light unstable commons' love,
And joyed to hear his theatre's applause :
He lived secure, boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to uphold him :
Like to a tall oak in a fruitful field,
Bearing old spoils and conquerors' monuments,
Who, though his root be weak, and his own weight
Keep him within the ground, his arms all bare,
His body, not his boughs, send forth a shade :
Though every blast it nod, and seem to fall,
When all the woods about stand bolt upright,
Yet he alone is held in reverence.
Cæsar's renown for war was less ; he restless,
Shaming to strive but where he did subdue ;
When ire or hope provoked, heady, and bold ;
At all times charging home, and making havoc ;
Urging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood and ruin made him way :
So thunder, which the wind tears from the clouds,
With crack of riven air and hideous sound
Filling the world, leaps out and throws forth fire,
Affrights poor fearful men, and blasts their eyes
With overthwarting flames, and raging shoots
Alongst the air, and, not resisting it,
Falls, and returns, and shivers where it lights.
Such humours stirred them up : but this war's seed
Was even the same that wracks all great dominions.
When Fortune made us lords of all, wealth flowed,
And then we grew licentious* and rude ;
The soldiers' prey and rapine brought in riot ;
Men took delight in jewels, houses, plate,
And scorned old sparing diet, and ware robes

* Pronounced like the French as a word of four syllables.

Too light for women; Poverty, who hatched
 Rome's greatest wits, was loathed, and all the world
 Ransacked for gold, which breeds the world decay;*
 And then large limits had their butting lands;
 The ground, which Curius and Camillus tilled,
 Was stretched unto the fields of hinds unknown.
 Again, this people could not brook calm peace;
 Them freedom without war might not suffice:
 Quarrels were rife; greedy desire, still poor,
 Did vild deeds; then 'twas worth the price of blood,
 And deemed renown, to spoil their native town;
 Force mastered right, the strongest governed all;
 Hence came it that th' edicts were over-ruled,
 That laws were broke, tribunes with consuls strove,
 Sale made of offices, and people's voices
 Bought by themselves and sold, and every year
 Frauds and corruption in the Field of Mars;
 Hence interest and devouring usury sprang,
 Faith's breach, and hence came war, to most men

Now Cæsar overpassed the snowy Alps; [welcome.
 His mind was troubled, and he aimed at war:
 And coming to the ford of Rubicon,
 At night in dreadful vision fearful Rome
 Mourning appeared, whose hoary hairs were torn,
 And on her turret-bearing head dispersed,
 And arms all naked; who, with broken sighs, [Cæsar?
 And staring, thus bespoke: 'What mean'st thou,
 Whither goes my standard? Romans if ye be
 And bear true hearts, stay here!' This spectacle
 Stroke Cæsar's heart with fear; his hair stood up,
 And faintness numbed his steps there on the brink.
 He thus cried out: 'Thou thunderer that guard'st

* Mr. Dyce suggests a new reading of this line:—

'Ransacked for gold, which breeds the world[']s decay.'

The line appears, however, to be correct as it stands in the text. The construction is, breeds decay to or for the world. Breed in this sense governs an accusative of the thing, and a dative of the person—*world* being here personified. There are many similar examples in Shakspeare and other writers of the period. The form is common—as, such a thing is likely to breed me trouble.

Rome's mighty walls, built on Tarpeian rock!
 Ye gods of Phrygia and Iulus' line,
 Quirinus' rites, and Latian Jove advanced
 On Alba hill! Oh, vestal flames! Oh, Rome,
 My thought's sole goddess, aid mine enterprise!
 I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoop:
 Cæsar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier.
 He, he afflicts Rome that made me Rome's foe.'
 This said, he, laying aside all lets of war, [ensign:
 Approached the swelling stream with drum and
 Like to a lion of scorched desert Afric,
 Who, seeing hunters, pauseth till fell wrath
 And kingly rage increase, then having whisked
 His tail athwart his back, and crest heaved up,
 With jaws wide-open ghastly roaring out,
 Albeit the Moor's light javelin or his spear
 Sticks in his side, yet runs upon the hunter.

In summer-time the purple Rubicon,
 Which issues from a small spring, is but shallow,
 And creeps along the vales, dividing just
 The bounds of Italy from Cisalpine France.
 But now the winter's wrath, and watery moon
 Being three days old, enforced the flood to swell,
 And frozen Alps thawed with resolving winds.
 The thunder-hoofed horse, in a crookèd line,*
 To scape the violence of the stream, first waded;
 Which being broke, the foot had easy passage.
 As soon as Cæsar got unto the bank
 And bounds of Italy, 'Here, here,' saith he,
 'An end of peace; here end polluted laws!
 Hence, leagues and covenants! Fortune, thee I follow!
 War and the Destinies shall try my cause.'
 This said, the restless general through the dark,
 Swifter than bullets thrown from Spanish slings,†

* This line would be better if read thus:—

'The thunder-hoofèd horse, in crookèd line.'

† *Spanish slings* is not a good translation of *Balearis fundæ*, because, though the Balearic isles, Majorca, Minorca, and Yvica are near the coast of Spain, yet it was their inhabitants, and not those of Spain, who were celebrated for their skill in slinging.

Or darts which Parthians backward shoot, marched on ;
 And then, when Lucifer did shine alone,
 And some dim stars, he Ariminum entered.
 Day rose, and viewed these tumults of the war :
 Whether the gods or blustering south were cause
 I know not, but the cloudy air did frown.
 The soldiers having won the market-place,
 There spread the colours, with confused noise
 Of trumpet's clang, shrill cornets, whistling fifes.*
 The people started ; young men left their beds,
 And snatched arms near their household-gods hung up,
 Such as peace yields ; worm-eaten leathern targets,
 Through which the wood peered, headless darts, old
 With ugly teeth of black rust foully scarred. [swords
 But seeing white eagles,† and Rome's flags well known,
 And lofty Cæsar in the thickest throng,
 They shook for fear, and cold benumbed their limbs,
 And muttering much, thus to themselves complained :
 ' Oh walls unfortunate, too near to France !
 Predestinate to ruin ! all lands else
 Have stable peace : here war's rage first begins ;
 We bide the first brunt. Safer might we dwell
 Under the frosty bear, or parching east,
 Waggons or tents, than in this frontier town.
 We first sustained the uproars of the Gauls
 And furious Cimbrians, and of Carthage Moors :
 As oft as Rome was sacked, here 'gan the spoil.'
 Thus sighing whispered they, and none durst speak,
 And show their fear or grief : but as the fields
 When birds are silent thorough winter's rage,
 Or sea far from the land, so all were whist.
 Now light had quite dissolved the misty night,
 And Cæsar's mind unsettled musing stood ;
 But gods and fortune pricked him to this war,
 Infringing all excuse of modest shame,

* The three instruments mentioned in the original are the *litures*, the *tuba*, and the *cornu*. It must surely be an anachronism to represent a Roman army marching to the sound of the fife.

† The original is *Ut notæ fulsere aquilæ*.

And labouring to approve his quarrel good.
 The angry senate, urging Gracchus' deeds,
 From doubtful Rome wrongly expelled the tribunes
 That crossed them: both which now approached the
 And with them Curio, sometime tribune too, [camp,
 One that was fee'd for Cæsar, and whose tongue
 Could tune the people to the nobles' mind.
 'Cæsar,' said he, 'while eloquence prevailed,
 And I might plead, and draw the commons' minds
 To favour thee, against the senate's will,
 Five years I lengthened thy command in France;
 But law being put to silence by the wars,
 We, from our houses driven, most willingly
 Suffered exile: let thy sword bring us home.
 Now, while their part is weak and fears, march hence:
 Where men are ready, lingering ever hurts.
 In ten years wonn'st thou France: Rome may be won
 With far less toil, and yet the honour's more;
 Few battles fought with prosperous success
 May bring her down, and with her all the world.
 Nor shalt thou triumph when thou com'st to Rome,
 Nor Capitol be adorned with sacred bays;
 Envy denies all; with thy blood must thou
 Aby* thy conquest past: the son decrees
 To expel the father: share the world thou canst not:
 Enjoy it all thou mayst.' Thus Curio spake;
 And therewith Cæsar, prone enough to war,
 Was so incensed as are Eleus' steeds† [stalls,‡
 With clamours, who, though locked and chained in

* This word, meaning to atone for, or to bear the consequences of, is variously written in old English, abigge, abugge, abye, abie.

† 'Old edition, 'Eleius *steedes*.' Is it possible that Marlowe could have taken the adjective '*Eleus*' ('*Eleus sonipes*') for a substantive?—DYCE. *Eleus* is an adjective, meaning of, or belonging to, *Elis*, which was celebrated for its breed of horses.

‡ The original is:—

' ——— *quamvis jam carcere clauso*
Immineat foribus, promisque repagula laxet.'

Marlowe has mistaken the meaning. The allusion is to the barriers by which the horses were confined before they started in the race at the Olympic games, and not to their stalls, or the walls of their stables.

Souse down the walls, and make a passage forth.
 Straight summoned he his several companies
 Unto the standard: his grave look appeased
 The wrestling tumult, and right hand made silence;
 And thus he spake: 'You that with me have borne
 A thousand brunts, and tried me full ten years,
 See how they quit our bloodshed in the north,
 Our friends' death, and our wounds, our wintering
 Under the Alps! Rome rageth now in arms
 As if the Carthage Hannibal* were near;
 Cornets of horse are mustered for the field;
 Woods turned to ships; both land and sea against us.
 Had foreign wars ill-thrived, or wrathful France
 Pursued us hither, how were we bested,
 When, coming conqueror, Rome afflicts me thus?
 Let come their leader whom long peace hath quailed,
 Raw soldiers lately pressed, and troops of gowns,†
 Brabbling‡ Marcellus, Cato whom fools reverence!
 Must Pompey's followers, with strangers' aid [king?
 (Whom from his youth he bribed), needs make him
 And shall he triumph long before his time,
 And, having once got head, still shall he reign?
 What should I talk of men's corn reaped by force,
 And by him kept of purpose for a dearth?
 Who sees not war sit by the quivering judge,
 And sentence given in rings of naked swords,§
 And laws assailed, and armed men in the senate?
 'Twas his troop hemmed in Milo|| being accused;
 And now, lest age might wane his state, he casts

* Carthage is here an adjective for Carthaginian.

† *Partesque in bella togatæ*. The toga or gown was the dress of peace, and therefore adopted as its emblem.

‡ This is the genuine old English word, and, in its original sense, meant squabbling, or quarrelling. Mr. Dyce substitutes babbling, as being closer to the text.

§ Ring is a happy translation of *Corona*. The original is:—

' ——— gladii cum triste minantes
 Judicium insolitâ, trepidum cinxere coronâ.'

|| A candidate for the consulship, banished for the murder of Clodius, tribune of the people.

For civil war, wherein through use he's known
 To exceed his master, that arch-traitor Sylla.*
 As brood of barbarous tigers, having lapped
 The blood of many a herd, whilst with their dams
 They kennelled in Hyrcania, evermore
 Will rage and prey; so Pompey, thou, having licked
 Warm gore from Sylla's sword, art yet athirst:
 Jaws fleshed with blood continue murderous.
 Speak, when shall this thy long-usurped power end?
 What end of mischief? Sylla teaching thee,
 At last learn, wretch, to leave thy monarchy!†
 What, now Sicilian pirates are suppressed,
 And jaded king of Pontus poisoned slain,
 Must Pompey as his last foe plume on me,‡
 Because at his command I wound not up §
 My conquering eagles? say I merit nought, ||
 Yet, for long service done, reward these men,
 And so they triumph, be't with whom ye will.
 Whither now shall these old bloodless souls repair?
 What seats for their deserts? what store of ground
 For servitors to till? what colonies
 To rest their bones? say, Pompey, are these worse

* Pompey inherited the aristocratic or parliamentary principles of Sylla; Cæsar, though a patrician by birth, the democratic principles of Marius, which, in a military nation like Rome, inevitably led to the empire.

† An allusion to Sylla's having, true to his parliamentary principles, resigned the dictatorship as soon as he had vindicated the supremacy of the senate against the democratic attempt of Marius.

‡ *Ultima Pompeio dabitur provincia Cæsar.* Marlowe substitutes for the original metaphor one of his own, taken from falconry. He makes Cæsar say, 'Must I be given up to Pompey as his last victim, as the last bird that is killed is given to the hawk, as a reward, to plume upon, or amuse herself with tearing out its feathers.'

§ Marlowe seems to think the Roman eagles were flags with eagles emblazoned on them. The original is *deponere*.

|| 'Unless we understand this in the sense of I receive no reward (and in Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*, 'merit' means derive profit), it is a wrong translation of 'mihi si merces erepta laborum est.'—DYCE. *Mereor* is used in the sense of to earn, get, gain, acquire, by Cicero, Horace, Livy, and other classical writers; and is almost invariably employed by theologians to signify to obtain.

Than pirates of Sicilia? they had houses. [conquered!
 Spread, spread these flags that ten years' space * have
 Let's use our tried force: they that now thwart right,
 In wars will yield to wrong: the gods are with us;
 Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
 But Rome, at thralldom's feet, to rid from tyrants.'
 This spoke, none answered, but a murmuring buzz
 Th' unstable people made: their household-gods
 And love to Rome (though slaughter steeled their
 hearts,

And minds were prone) restrained them; but war's
 And Cæsar's awe dashed all. Then Lælius, [love
 The chief centurion, crowned with oaken leaves
 For saving of a Roman citizen,
 Stepped forth, and cried: ' Chief leader of Rome's force,
 So be, I may be bold to speak a truth,
 We grieve at this thy patience and delay.
 What, doubt'st thou us? even now when youthful
 Pricks forth our lively bodies, and strong arms [blood
 Can mainly throw the dart, wilt thou endure
 These purple grooms,† that senate's tyranny?
 Is conquest got by civil war so heinous?
 Well, lead us, then, to Syrtes' desert shore,
 Or Scythia, or hot Libya's thirsty sands.
 This hand, that all behind us might be quailed,
 Hath with thee passed the swelling ocean,
 And swept the foaming breast of Arctic Rhene.
 Love over-rules my will; I must obey thee,
 Cæsar: he whom I hear thy trumpets charge,‡

* *Tollite jam pridem victricia tollite syria.* Ten years' space ought, perhaps, to be *ten years' peace*.

† That is, these senators, who are no better really than grooms, and who are yet clad in purple. The original is, *degenerem patiere togam*, and we ought possibly for *grooms* to read *gowns*, but this would not be nearly so strong or expressive. The toga was itself generally white, but senators and various magistrates wore a toga which was *prætexta*, or bordered with purple.

‡ The centurion characteristically talks bad grammar. *He* ought to be *him* in the accusative case, governed by *hold*.

I hold no Roman ; by these ten blest ensigns
And all thy several triumphs, shouldst thou bid me
Entomb my sword within my brother's bowels,
Or father's throat, or women's groaning womb,
This hand, albeit unwilling, should perform it ;
Or rob the gods, or sacred temples fire, [Jove ;*
These troops should soon pull down the church of
If to encamp on Tuscan Tiber's streams,
I'll boldly quarter out the fields of Rome :
What walls thou wilt be levelled to the ground,
These hands shall thrust the ram, and make them fly,
Albeit the city thou wouldst have so razed
Be Rome itself.' Here every band applauded,
And, with their hands held up, all jointly cried
They'll follow where he please. The shouts rent
As when against pine-bearing Ossa's rocks [heaven,
Beats Thracian Boreas, or when trees, bowed down
And rustling, swing up as the wind fets breath.
When Cæsar saw his army prone to war,
And Fates so bent, lest sloth and long delay
Might cross him, he withdrew his troops from France,
And in all quarters musters men for Rome.
They by Lemannus' nook forsook their tents ;
They whom the Lingones foiled with painted spears,
Under the rocks by crookèd Vogesus ;
And many came from shallow Isara,
Who, running long, falls in a greater flood,
And, ere he sees the sea, loseth his name ;
The yellow Ruthens left their garrisons ;
Mild Atax glad it bears not Roman boats,
And frontier Varus that the camp is far,
Sent aid ; so did Alcides' port, whose seas
Eat hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind
Nor zephyr rules not, but the north alone

* Old writers are continually applying modern words to ancient institutions. Thus Chaucer speaks of the church of Pallas in Troy, and calls Amphiarum, the priest of Apollo, a bishop. But we are guilty of quite as glaring an anachronism ourselves when we call the ministers of the heathen gods priests, for priest is a corruption of presbyter, a term unknown to the heathen mythology.

Turmoils the coast, and enterance forbids;
And others came from that uncertain shore
Which is nor sea nor land, but ofttimes both,
And changeth as the ocean ebbs and flows;
Whether the sea rolled always from that point
Whence the wind blows, still forcèd to and fro;
Or that the wandering main follow the moon;
Or flaming Titan, feeding on the deep,
Pulls them aloft, and makes the surge kiss heaven;
Philosophers, look you; for unto me,
Thou cause, whate'er thou be whom God assigns
This great effect, art hid. They came that dwell
By Nemes' fields and banks of Satirus,
Where Tarbell's winding shores embrace the sea;
The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love;
Those of Bituriges, and light Axon pikes;
And they of Rhene and Leuca, cunning darters,
And Sequana that well could manage steeds;
The Belgians apt to govern British cars;
Th' Averni too, which boldly feign themselves
The Romans' brethren, sprung of Ilian race;
The stubborn Nervians stained with Cotta's blood;
And Vangions who, like those of Sarmata,
Wear open slops; and fierce Batavians,
Whom trumpet's clang incites; and those that dwell
By Cinga's stream, and where swift Rhodanus
Drives Araris to sea; they near the hills,
Under whose hoary rocks Gebenna hangs;
And, Trevier, thou being glad that wars are past thee;
And you, late-shorn Ligurians, who were wont
In large-spread hair to exceed the rest of France;
And where to Hesus and fell Mercury
They offer human flesh, and where Jove seems
Bloody like Dian, whom the Scythians serve.
And you, French Bardi, whose immortal pens
Renown the valiant souls slain in your wars,
Sit safe at home and chant sweet poesy.
And, Druides, you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customs and sinister rites:

In unfelled woods and sacred groves you dwell ;
And only gods and heavenly powers you know,
Or only know you nothing ; for you hold
That souls pass not to silent Erebus
Or Pluto's bloodless kingdom, but elsewhere
Resume a body ; so (if truth you sing)
Death brings long life. Doubtless these northern men,
Whom death, the greatest of all fears, affright not,
Are blest by such sweet error ; this makes them
Run on the sword's point, and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is won.
You likewise that repulsed the Cæcæ foe,
March towards Rome ; and you, fierce men of Rhene,
Leaving your country open to the spoil.
These being come, their huge power made him bold
To manage greater deeds ; the bordering towns
He garrisoned ; and Italy he filled with soldiers.
Vain fame increased true fear, and did invade
The people's minds, and laid before their eyes
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing news
Of present war, made many lies and tales :
One swears his troops of daring horsemen fought
Upon Mevania's plain, where bulls are grazed ;
Other that Cæsar's barbarous bands were spread
Along Nar flood that into Tiber falls,
And that his own ten ensigns and the rest
Marched not entirely, and yet hid the ground ;
And that he's much changed, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous than the French, his vassals ;
And that he lags behind with them, of purpose,
Born 'twixt the Alps and Rhene, which he hath brought
From out their northern parts, and that Rome,
He looking on, by these men should be sacked.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen fame,
And, without ground, feared what themselves had
Nor were the commons only strook to heart [feigned.
With this vain terror ; but the court, the senate,
The fathers selves leaped from their seats, and, flying,
Left hateful war decreed to both the consuls.

Then, with their fear and danger all-distract,
Their sway of flight carries the heady rout,
That in chained troops break forth at every port:
You would have thought their houses had been fired,
Or, dropping-ripe, ready to fall with ruin.
So rushed the inconsiderate multitude
Thorough the city, hurried headlong on,
As if the only hope that did remain
To their afflictions were t' abandon Rome.
Look how, when stormy Auster from the breach
Of Libyan Syrtes rolls a monstrous wave,
Which makes the main-sail fall with hideous sound,
The pilot from the helm leaps in the sea,
And mariners, albeit the keel be sound,
Shipwreck themselves; even so, the city left,
All rise in arms; nor could the bed-ridden parents
Keep back their sons, or women's tears their husbands:
They stayed not either to pray or sacrifice;
Their household-gods restrain them not; none lingered,
As loth to leave Rome whom they held so dear:
Th' irrevocable people fly in troops.
Oh, gods, that easy grant men great estates,
But hardly grace to keep them! Rome, that flows
With citizens and captives, and would hold
The world, were it together, is by cowards
Left as a prey, now Caesar doth approach.
When Romans are besieged by foreign foes,
With slender trench they escape night-stratagems,
And sudden rampire raised of turf snatched up,
Would make them sleep securely in their tents.
Thou, Rome, at name of war runn'st from thyself,
And wilt not trust thy city-walls one night:
Well might these fear, when Pompey feared and fled.
Now evermore, lest some one hope might ease
The commons' jangling minds, apparent signs arose,
Strange sights appeared; the angry threatening gods
Filled both the earth and seas with prodigies.
Great store of strange and unknown stars were seen
Wandering about the north, and rings of fire

Fly in the air, and dreadful bearded stars,
And comets that presage the fall of kingdoms;
The flattering sky glittered in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blazed in heaven,
Now spear-like long, now like a spreading torch;
Lightning in silence stole forth without clouds,
And, from the northern climate snatching fire,
Blasted the Capitol; the lesser stars,
Which wont to run their course through empty night,
At noon-day mustered; Phœbe, having filled
Her meeting horns to match her brother's light,
Strook with th' earth's sudden shadow, waxèd pale;
Titan himself, throned in the midst of heaven,
His burning chariot plunged in sable clouds,
And whelmed the world in darkness, making men
Despair of day; as did Thyestes' town,
Mycenæ, Phœbus flying through the east.
Fierce Mulciber unbarrèd Ætna's gate,
Which flamèd not on high, but headlong pitched
Her burning head on bending Hesperý.
Coal-black Charybdis whirled a sea of blood.
Fierce mastives howled. The vestal fires went out;
The flame in Alba, consecrate to Jove,
Parted in twain, and with a double point
Rose, like the Theban brothers' funeral fire.
The earth went off her hinges; and the Alps
Shook the old snow from off their trembling laps.
The ocean swelled as high as Spanish Calpe
Or Atlas' head. Their saints and household-gods
Sweat tears, to show the travails of their city:
Crowns fell from holy statues. Ominous birds
Defiled the day; and wild beasts were seen,
Leaving the woods, lodge in the streets of Rome.
Cattle were seen that muttered human speech;
Prodigious births with more and ugly joints
Than nature gives, whose sight appals the mother;
And dismal prophecies were spread abroad:
And they whom fierce Bellona's fury moves
To wound their arms, sing vengeance; Cybel's priests,


Curling their bloody locks, howl dreadful things.
 Souls quiet and appeased sighed from their graves;
 Clashing of arms was heard; in untrod woods
 Shrill voices schright;* and ghosts encounter men.
 Those that inhabited the suburb-fields
 Fled: foul Erinnys stalked about the walls,
 Shaking her snaky hair and crookèd pine
 With flaming top; much like that hellish fiend
 Which made the stern Lycurgus wound his thigh,
 Or fierce Agave mad; or like Megæra
 That scared Alcides, when by Juno's task
 He had before looked Pluto in the face.
 Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise
 An armèd battle joins, such and more strange
 Black night brought forth in secret. Sylla's ghost
 Was seen to walk, singing sad oracles;
 And Marius' head above cold Tav'ron peering,
 His grave broke open, did affright the boors.
 To these ostents, as their old custom was,
 They call th' Etrurian augurs: amongst whom
 The gravest, Arruns, dwelt in forsaken Luca,
 Well-skilled in pyromancy; one that knew
 The hearts of beasts, and flight of wandering fowls.
 First he commands such monsters Nature hatched
 Against her kind, the barren mules' loathed issue,
 To be cut forth and cast in dismal fires;
 Then, that the trembling citizens should walk
 About the city; then, the sacred priests
 That with divine lustration purged the walls,
 And went the round, in and without the town;
 Next, an inferior troop, in tucked-up vestures,
 After the Gabine manner; then, the nuns*
 And their veiled matron, who alone might view
 Minerva's statue; then, they that keep and read
 Sibylla's secret works, and wash their saint

* Schright, or shrigh, is the past tense of schrichen, or shrichen, to shriek. It occurs in Chaucer:—

‘Shright Emely, and howlèd Palamon.’

† Nun, i. e., vestal virgin. See ante, p. 248, note *.

In Almo's flood; next, learnèd augurs follow;
Apollo's soothsayers, and Jove's feasting priests;
The skipping Salii with shields like wedges;
And Flamens last, with net-work woollen veils.
While these thus in and out had circled Rome,
Look what the lightning blasted, Arruns takes,
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place Bidental. On the altar
He lays a ne'er-yoked bull, and pours down wine,
Then crams salt leaven on his crookèd knife:
The beast long struggled, as being like to prove
An awkward sacrifice; but by the horns
The quick priest pulled him on his knees, and slew him:
No vein sprung out, but from the yawning gash,
Instead of red blood, wallowed venomous gore.
These direful signs made Arruns stand amazed,
And searching farther for the god's displeasure,
The very colour scared him; a dead blackness
Ran through the blood, that turned it all to jelly,
And stained the bowels with dark loathsome spots;
The liver swelled with filth; and every vein
Did threaten horror from the host of Cæsar;
A small thin skin contained the vital parts;
The heart stirred not; and from the gaping liver
Squeezed matter through the caul; the entrails peered;
And which (ah me!) ever pretendeth ill,
At that bunch where the liver is, appeared
A knob of flesh, whereof one half did look
Dead and discoloured, the other lean and thin.
By these he seeing what mischiefs must ensue,
Cried out, 'Oh, gods, I tremble to unfold
What you intend! great Jove is now displeased;
And in the breast of this slain bull are crept
Th' infernal powers. My fear transcends my words;
Yet more will happen than I can unfold:
Turn all to good, be augury vain, and Tages,
Th' art's master, false!' Thus, in ambiguous terms
Involving all, did Arruns darkly sing.
But Figulus, more seen in heavenly mysteries,



Whose like Ægyptian Memphis never had
For skill in stars and tuneful planeting,
In this sort spake: 'The world's swift course is lawless
And casual; all the stars at random range;
Or if Fate rule them, Rome, thy citizens
Are near some plague. What mischief shall ensue?
Shall towns be swallowed? shall the thickened air
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barren?
Shall water be congealed and turned to ice?
Oh, gods, what death prepare ye? with what plague
Mean ye to rage? the death of many men
Meets in one period. If cold noisome Saturn
Were now exalted, and with blue beams shined,
Then Ganymede would renew Deucalion's flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drenched.
Oh, Phœbus, shouldst thou with thy rage now singe
The fell Nemæan beast, th' earth would be fired,
And heaven tormented with thy chafing heat:
But thy fires hurt not. Mars, 'tis thou inflam'st
The threatening Scorpion with the burning tail,
And fir'st his cleyes*: why art thou thus enraged?
Kind Jupiter hath low declined himself;
Venus is faint; swift Hermes retrograde;
Mars only rules the heaven. Why do the planets
Alter their course, and vainly dim their virtue?
Sword-girt Orion's side glisters too bright:
War's rage draws near; and to the sword's strong hand
Let all laws yield, sin bear the name of virtue:
Many a year these furious broils let last:
Why should we wish the gods should ever end them?
War only gives us peace. Oh, Rome, continue
The course of mischief, and stretch out the date
Of slaughter! only civil broils make peace.'
These sad presages were enough to scare
The quivering Romans; but worse things affright them.
As Mænas full of wine on Pindus raves,
So runs a matron through th' amazèd streets,

* Claws.

Disclosing Phœbus' fury in this sort:
'Pæan, whither am I haled? where shall I fall,
Thus borne aloft? I see Pangæus' hill
With hoary top, and, under Hæmus' mount,
Philippi plains. Phœbus, what rage is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, having no foes?
Whither turn I now? thou lead'st me towards th' east,
Where Nile augmenteth the Pelusian sea:
This headless trunk* that lies on Nilus' sand
I know. Now throughout the air I fly
To doubtful Syrtes and dry Afric, where
A Fury leads the Emathian bands. From thence
To the pine-bearing hills; thence to the mounts
Pyrene; and so back to Rome again.
See, impious war defiles the senate-house!
New factions rise. Now through the world again
I go. Oh, Phœbus, show me Neptune's shore,
And other regions! I have seen Philippi.'
This said, being tired with fury, she sunk down.

* The body of Pompeius, murdered by order of Ptolemy the king.

THE END.

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